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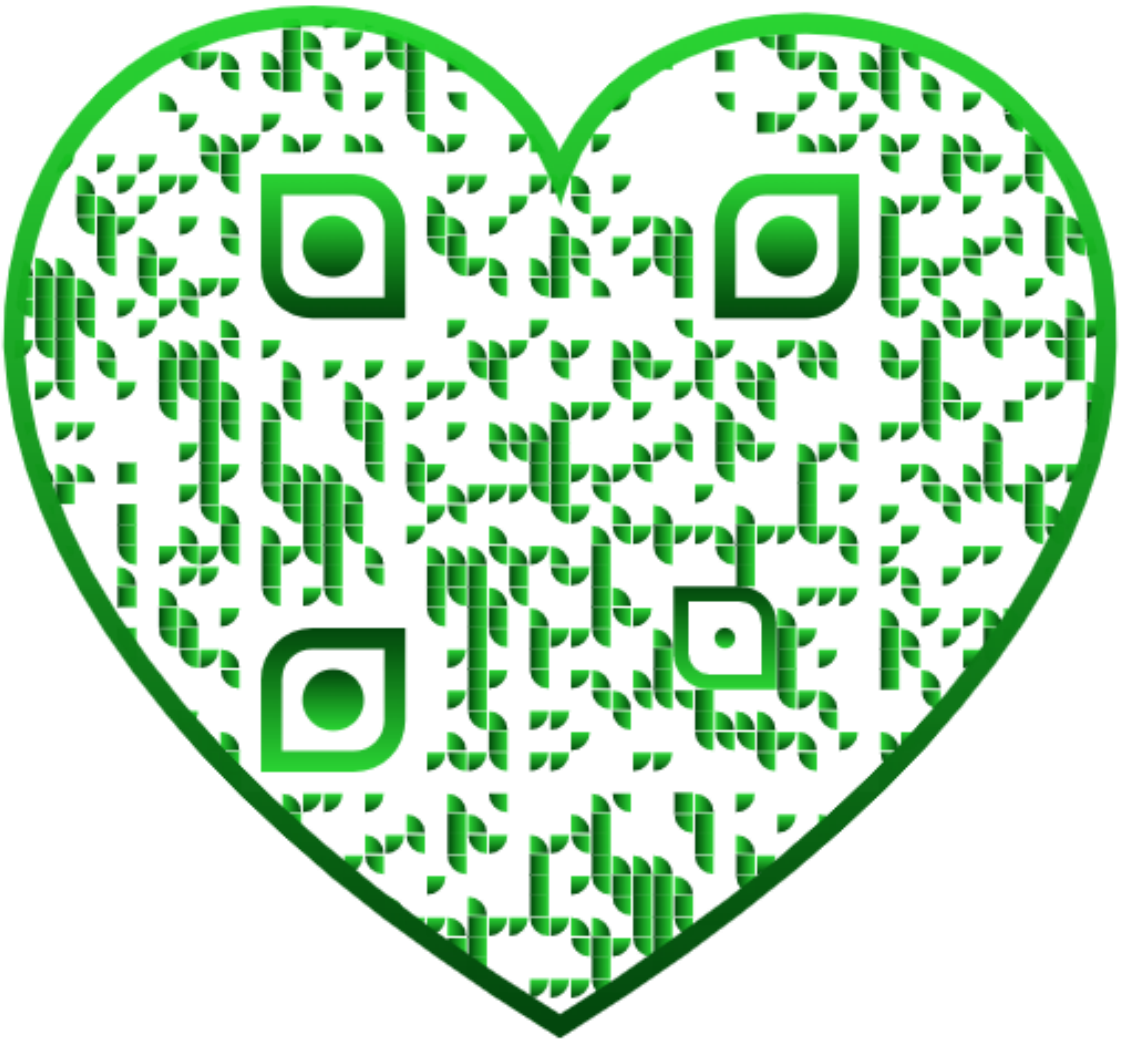

When we found Iron Maiden's Bruce Dickinson, Adrian Smith and Dave Murray reading *HIT PARADER*, naturally our staff asked where they picked it up. "Picked it up?" Iron Maiden responded. "We can't take a chance that it's been sold out at the newsstand, so we subscribe. We love *HIT PARADER*, and have to read it every month."

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NOVEMBER 1982

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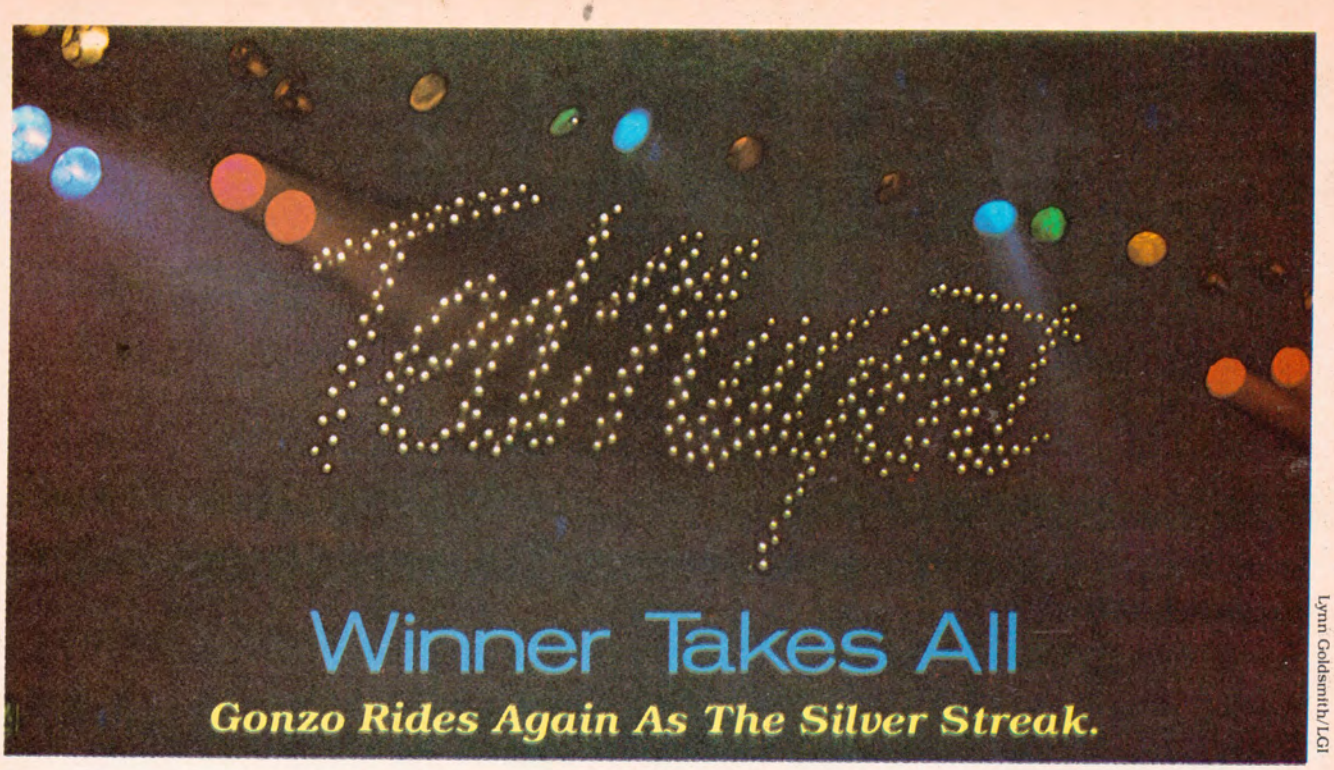

Winner Takes All

Gonzo Rides Again As The Silver Streak.

Lynn Goldsmith/LGI

Neil Zlozower

Ted Nugent: "I have to crash course myself, like baptism by fire."

by Charley Crespo

Ted Nugent revved the engine of his Formula I dune buggy. The course he was to lap 10 times was among the most challenging in autocross racing. One complete lap features six turns and a number of obstacles, gullies, jumps and bumps, including a 20-foot bridge each buggy would fly off. His competition included some of the best-known names in autocross racing, including Montreal's favorite, Yvon Duhamel.

The bell rang and the buggies took off. The first hill had all the buggies soaring like the **Dukes of Hazzard**. They all landed on the downslope of a second hill just in time to make a sharp, banked right turn.

Nugent didn't even know what the grand prize winner received for the B.F. Goodrich Cup contest in Montreal's Olympic Stadium. He just knew he wanted to compete.

Nugent's buggy, #010, was near the lead from the start. He drove with a vengeance, handling hills and curves at the fastest speeds possible. His technique — generally accelerating upon completion of a curve — indicated his desire to win. Nugent pushed himself to do maneuvers others would find dangerous. He had the eye of the tiger.

Gonzo and Pele: "I don't worry too much about him because I know he's a good driver."

Other drivers started to block him so he'd be unable to accelerate or pass them. About five laps into the race, Ted passed the second place driver by taking the inside lane on a curve, rather than going up on the bank like most drivers did. One lap later, the buggy in the lead was only 10 feet or so in front of Ted, when the leader lost control, drove over the 2½-foot concrete divider and crashed into the inside wall of Olympic Stadium. Ted maintained his cool and built his lead. He won that preliminary race. At the finish line, he drove off the road, backed up and began taking the course backwards. After a few minutes of showing off, he did a quick K-turn and completed the course frontwards.

Back in the pit, under the stadium seats, Ted was congratulated all around, even by other drivers. Some yards away, ambulances were speeding away the casualties. More ambulances awaited injured drivers from the evening's later motocross and autocross races.

Ted's girlfriend of 3½ years, a beautiful, leggy Hawaiian named Pele, kept an eye on Ted's two children, Toby and Sasha. Five-year-old Sasha drew funny faces on a chalkboard, while Toby looked on and laughed. They attend all his races.

"I don't worry too much about him because I know he's a good driver," Pele said confidently about the Nuge..

Two hours later, after several motorcycle races, another Formula I race and a fireworks show, Ted was back on the starting line for the finals. As the cars hit the course, one buggy started smoking, stopped and caused a jam-up. At least six buggies were caught, trying to twist their way out of this metal madness, and Ted's was one of them. This snafu cost him a few precious seconds, and by the time Ted was free, he was nowhere near the leading car.

Once again, Nugent became the most aggressive driver on the course. While other drivers, particularly those in back, took hills and curves gracefully, Ted tried desperately to make progress. A few spills and accidents on the

road worked to his disadvantage, while aiding the leading drivers. He promptly passed two or three competitors, pushing to overcome a hopeless situation.

All of a sudden, his buggy slowed down. Ted pulled off the road and then his car died. Nugent tried revving, but nothing happened. Too bad, he was already in fifth place before the broken fan belt took him out of the race.

"You're good," one racing fan declared back in the pit. "It's not just a promotion, you race hard."

That was about the best compliment the Motor City Madman could possibly get. Here he was competing against professional drivers who race all the time, while the only time Ted races are at the few he can work into his schedule. Practices are usually restricted to the very few hours before the actual competition. Winning the preliminary race is a big deal, but these circumstances made the victory even more extraordinary. Placing high in the finals would have been a bonus.

"I have to crash course myself, like baptism by fire," Nugent said off the road still wearing his driving uniform and carrying his helmet and goggles. "I just don't have time to practice. Like the Toyota Celebrity race I was in this spring, everyone else went to a three-day racing school, but I didn't have time, so I didn't go. I won the celebrity trophy in that," he said with a nudge and a chuckle.

The celebrity race wasn't as impressive, Ted noted, because he wasn't pitted against the caliber of drivers he met in Montreal. The race he'd just participated in is one of Canada's biggest sporting events — over 55,000 fans filled Olympic Stadium.

"I really love this track," he said minutes after the race. "It incorporated maneuvers that are motorcycle-oriented. That one big jump that I fly across is strictly motocross shit that they've incorporated into this because people like to see cars fly. I'd say this track is better than most, maybe second to Riverside in California." He added, smiling, "I took seventh place there last year."

Although Ted decided only a year ago to go into professional off-road racing, he is as passionate about it as he is about his hunting, his kids and his rock and roll. He is trying to arrange his current tour around these passions, so that he may get to compete in other races, hunt, and spend time with Toby and Sasha, while still taking his new band and his new music to his hardcore rock and roll audiences.

Nugent claims that grueling activities like racing and performing rejuvenate him. Post-divorce arrangements have been finalized, relieving him of a long-standing problem. Likewise, he also feels spirited about his new music, particularly the **Nugent** LP, a title he jokingly says was agreed upon by the artist, manager and producer.

"I hired Carmine Appice to play drums because he is the best rock and roll drummer in the world," Nugent said, pausing to gulp down a glass of milk. "Given the right vehicle to display his drumming, with the proper control factor, Carmine is the top dog. I wouldn't settle for anything less because I consider myself the top dog. He has the greatest sense of when and where to flash and when and where to drive into the ground.

Lynn Goldsmith/LGI

Ted Nugent: "My children were facing the big gun of divorce."

"Now when Derek and I split up, it was a major fight; Derek and I could not work together. His ideas of the road and the studio didn't mesh with mine. We got on the phone, had a meeting and we said we wanted to kick the world's ass as a team again. So we jumped in the studio together and did it. You can see how great his voice is for my music. It's a natural!

"I think what I've got on record is the definitive rock and roll statement as seen through the eyes and ears of young Ted. You know me, Charley, when my confidence is up, it's way, way fucking up. Sonically, this album dwarfs anything I've ever done. I've never heard such a band.

"I manage and produce myself now," The Nuge said later over a seafood salad in his hotel suite. "It was so obvious that everybody involved with the production of my last few albums was vastly inept. I'm talking about the sound, the flow of the tracks since fucking **Cat Scratch Fever,** how's that? I'm not apologizing, they just weren't up to par.

"I got sidetracked by my family situation, which was facing the big gun. Most directly, my children were facing the big gun of divorce. I simply rechanneled my energies to perfect my children's situation, and it took a lot of energy, time and effort away from my music.

"I realize there's no one to blame but Ted. While I was fighting the little battle of sound and equalization per instrument, I lost the war of overall listenability of the records. The bottom line is I was forced into a situation by a producer that had contractual control over the situation."

"It was so obvious that everyone involved with the production of my last few albums was vastly inept."

"We'd run across each other over and over again through the years, and every time we'd always talk about putting something together. Finally last year, I ran into him in L.A. and I told him that he ought to cool it with this English wimp rock and start playing the real thing, give the world some dangerous American rock and roll.

Nugent wound up parting with his previous band, the Michigan-based guitar army called the D.C. Hawks, with whom he toured the U.S. and Canada. He teamed up with Carmine Appice — a Nugent comrade since the '60s when Appice played in Vanilla Fudge and Nugent led the Amboy Dukes — and two Nugent alumni, vocalist

Lynn Goldsmith/LGI

"I consider myself top dog."

Derek St. Holmes and bassist Dave Kiswiney.

Nugent is much different from the most recent Motor City Madman albums. Since 1978's **Weekend Warriors**, each of his records grew progressively rawer, almost primitive by last year's **Intensities In Ten Cities** album. Even *Wango Tango*, the AOR radio favorite from **Scream Dream**, was one dimensional compared to the classic Nugent of **Cat Scratch Fever**. While the guitar playing on more recent albums like **Scream Dream** and **Intensities In Ten Cities** was as stunning as on any previous Nugent album, the roughness of these later records sonically assaulted the listener.

Nugent, however, is clean, contemporary and the most commercially accessible album Gonzo has ever done. St. Holmes' singing is easier to listen to than Nugent's, Appice energizes with a big boom and Kiswiney fills a smooth bottom. Even Nugent's guitar playing is less of a barrage, sounding more fluid and tasteful.

"I've got news for you," Nugent summarized. "After you've heard it a couple of times, you're going to think **Nugent** is better than the **Ted Nugent** album. **Stranglehold** still chills my chillbone, and so does **Cat Scratch Fever**, but this one does the trick."□

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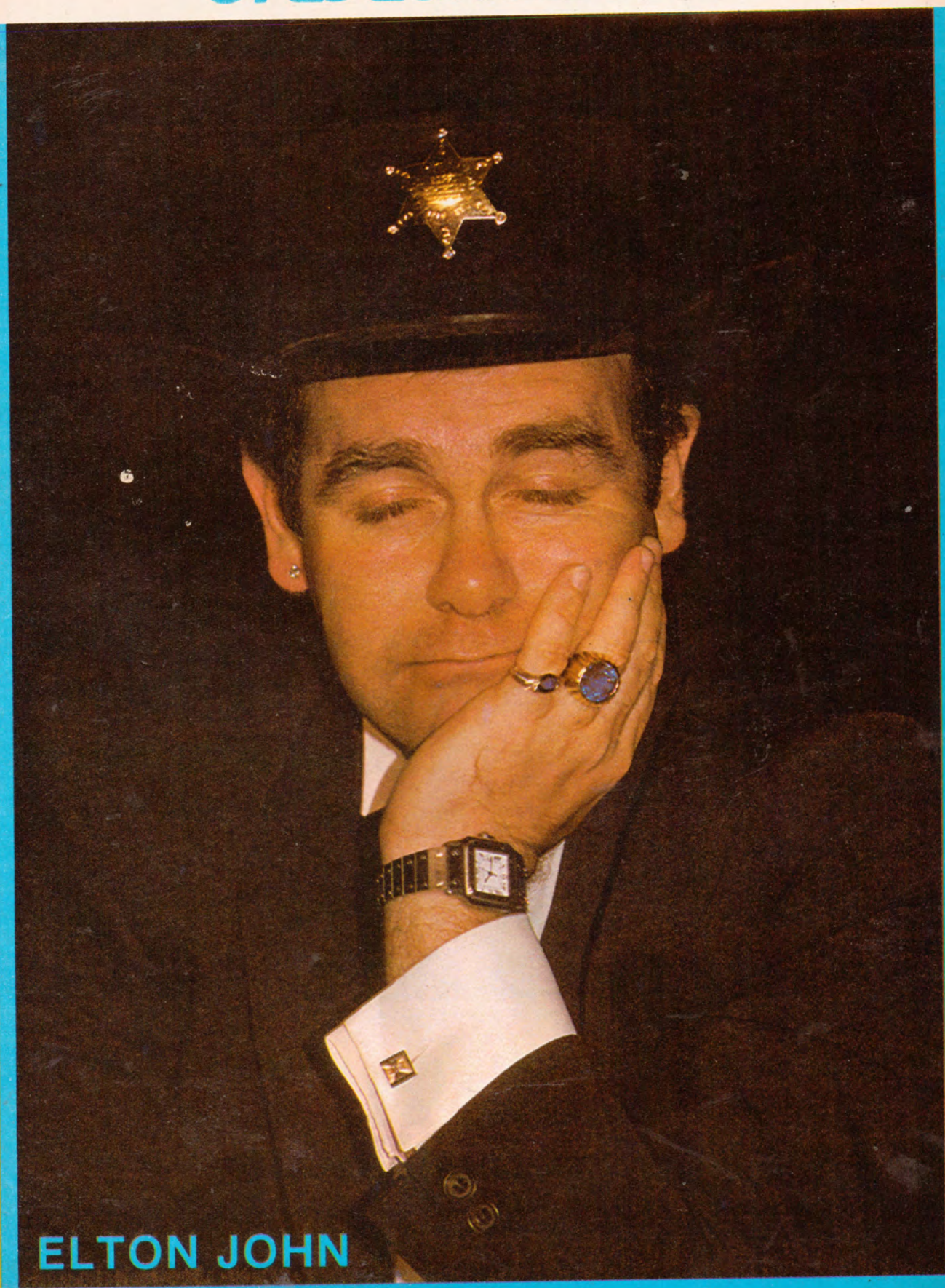

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WE READ YOUR Mail

Ever since we featured the readers' debate here several months ago regarding Kiss' Ace Frehley and Van Halen's Eddie Van Halen, many readers have written naming their favorite guitarists. These letters are a few from the thousands we've received on this matter.

Ace Frehley is for 10 year olds. Eddie Van Halen is good, but has his limitations. The greatest heavy metal guitarist of all time is Ritchie Blackmore — a virtuoso in every sense of the word.

Dave Owen
Chatham, Ontario

Ace Frehley couldn't blow a horn. He's a jerk just like everybody else in Kiss. If you want to talk about a real guitar player, talk about Angus Young of AC/DC.

Clint Hunt
Clendenin, WV

Eddie is #1 and he always will be. Anyone who thinks different can Kiss off.

Anonymous
Wilmington, DE

I don't know if Eddie could blow Ace away but I sure know who could — Rik Emmett of Triumph could blow Ace away with both hands tied behind his back.

Paul Jackson
San Antonio, TX

Paul Natkin/Photo Reserve

Who's the best rock guitarist of all time? Randy Rhoads, in Ozzy's arms, is a top contender.

Randy Rhoads kicked holy ass and was the goddamn greatest guitarist around. Rest in peace, Randy, we all love ya!

Mike Noud
Martinsburg, WV

You tried comparing excellent Ace Frehley to skimpy Eddie Van Halen? That's like comparing Bambi to Godzilla. Next time try comparing Ace to Jimi Hendrix.

Tom Hicks
Fresno, CA

Frehley's solo on *Dark Light* on **The Elder** is the best solo I've heard in a long fucking time.

Paul Stewart
Cleveland, OK

Jimi Hendrix was the best guitarist that ever lived. When you put Ace on the same platform with him I think it's time to draw the line.

Roger Williams
Columbus, OH

Ted Nugent is better than Eddie or Ace. Why not have a best guitarist contest and let the readers decide who the best guitarist is?

David Mihels
Medora, IN

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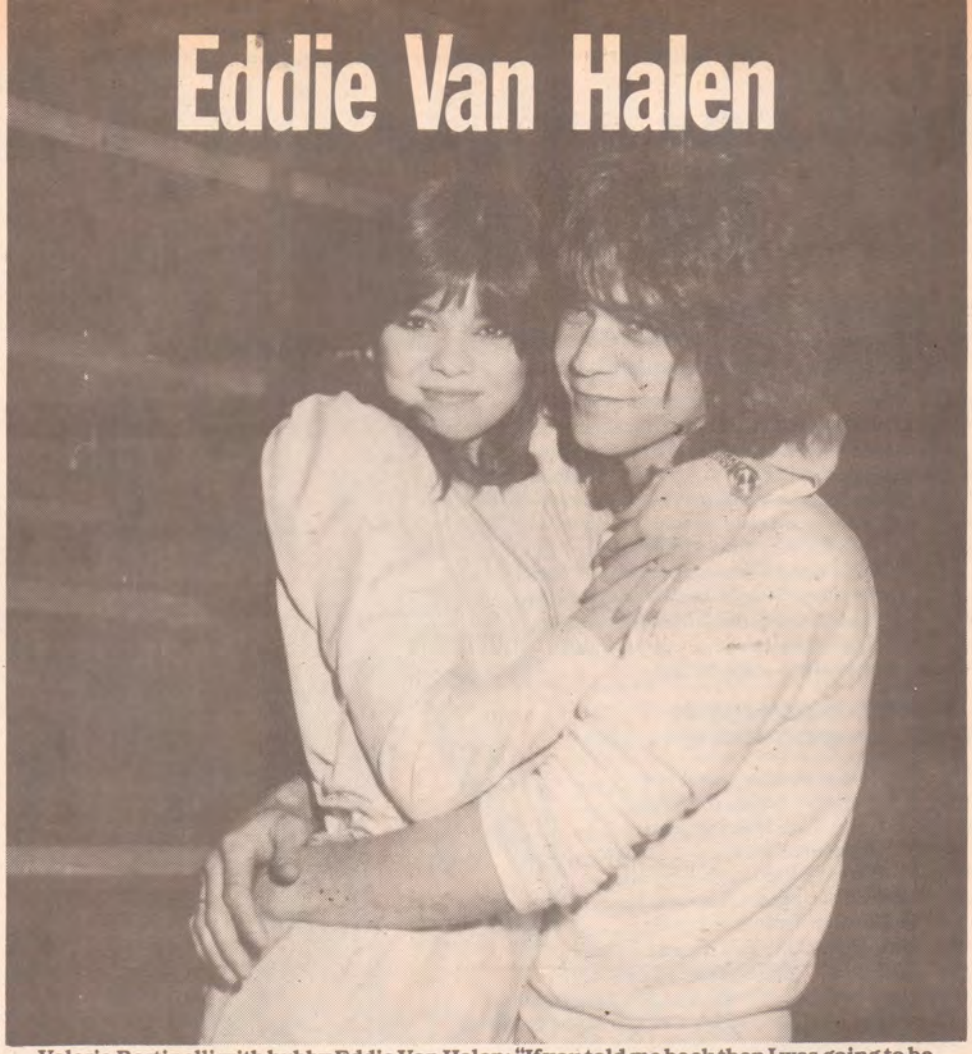

Turiak

Valerie Bertinelli with hubby Eddie Van Halen: "If you told me back then I was going to be looked at as a star, I would have laughed in your face."

HIT PARADER MINI-SERIES EXCLUSIVE

Part One Of A Four-Part Van Halen Series.

by Andy Secher

At the ripe old age of 25, Eddie Van Halen finds himself in the phenomenal position of being a rock and roll legend. Much to his own amazement, the quiet, dark-haired, Stratocaster master has often been placed in the company of such luminaries as Beck, Clapton and Hendrix whenever lists of rock's most innovative guitarists are made.

As he relaxed in the Los Angeles home he shares with his wife, TV actress Valerie Bertinelli, he admitted to still finding stardom difficult to accept.

"When I first started playing, the last thing on my mind was to become a star," he said with a laugh. "I was always something of a loner while I was growing up. I wasn't really into the jock scene, and I didn't want to dress in black leather and join the bikers. So I just got into the guitar as an outlet. It was my way of getting across to people. That's why being called a star is kind'a hard to deal with. I was just looking for a way to cover up some of my insecurities. If you told me back then I was going to be looked at as a star, I would have laughed in your face."

It's been a long trip to the top of the rock world for Eddie Van Halen. He was born in Amsterdam, Holland on January 26, 1957, into a musical family headed by his father Jan, a classically trained clarinetist who frequently played with symphony orchestras throughout Europe. (The elder Van Halen appears on the group's latest album, **Diver Down**, contributing a few steaming clarinet runs on *Big Bad Bill Is Sweet William Now.*) Due to his father's influence, Eddie's first instrument was the piano, but as he stated, "Why would anyone want to sit at a piano when all the fun is in getting up, moving around and going crazy?"

The Van Halen clan moved from Amsterdam to sunny L.A. when Eddie was 11, and he soon switched from the ivories to the guitar. He bought his first six-string — a cheap $70 electric — with money earned on his paper route. "I had to get up at five in the morning, but I knew what I wanted to do with the money, so it was worth it."

Eddie taught himself to play that first guitar by listening to Cream albums and dissecting each of Eric Clapton's solos. "I play a mean *Crossroads*," he joked. "Clapton's always been a big influence on me. The first stuff I ever tried to play were his blues riffs on the old **Blues Breakers** album. I was really turned on by the feeling and emotion of the blues. I also liked Clapton's phrasing, the way he put together each of his solos. He was like a living textbook for me."

Eddie soon teamed with brother Alex on drums and Michael Anthony on bass to form an L.A. club band called Mammoth. They built a reputation as one of Southern California's top party groups. "I tried to do the singing, and we had a keyboard player for a couple of weeks, but neither of those things worked out too well," he recalled. "We were playing for fun, but we began realizing that we could make some money out of it, too."

To complete the Mammoth puzzle, the band recruited a blond-haired wildman by the name of David Lee Roth who was only too glad to grab the microphone from under Eddie's nose. Soon after, Mammoth evolved into Van Halen, and the rest, as they say, is history.

"We started playing all the supermarket openings and wet T-shirt contests around the L.A. area," Eddie remembered. "We made a pretty good reputation for ourselves. We weren't making very much money — about $75 a night, but we were really into the music. We weren't even making enough to pay for new guitar strings back then," he laughed. "I guess some things have changed."□

WHAT BECOMES A LEGEND MOST?

ALDO NOVA
TALKS ABOUT HIT PARADER T-SHIRTS

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STYX By Appointment only

German Fans Search For Their American Dream.

by Vicki Greenleaf and Stan Hyman

Styx's Tommy Shaw wasn't surprised when Michigan state police appeared on his doorstep recently. The officers were searching for two German teenagers who had encamped on Shaw's front lawn one summer weekend. Despite a new haircut and lack of public appearances, such incidents remain common for the petite blonde guitarist.

"It's not that unusual to have girls camp on my lawn," Shaw says, "but maybe this is the most unusual situation. One time a girl hitchhiked here from Quebec and stayed at the Holiday Inn downtown. She walked here everyday — which is about four miles. But this is the first trans-Atlantic incident."

According to the police, the girls had left home without permission, making the journey from northern Germany with the hope of meeting Shaw in his homeland. The German Consulate was able to trace the duo's plane route to Chicago, where Styx usually rehearses. From there, the girls traveled to Shaw's home in Michigan.

"I don't know how they found out where I live; probably from one of those teen magazines in Germany," Shaw surmises. "I was at rehearsal when they arrived at my house, so they came all that way for nothing," he says. "It's a long way to come. I don't know what they expected. I just hope nothing happened to them, since they disappeared and haven't been heard from."

Although Styx's next album is only in the primary planning stages, the band is hoping to expand the theatrical attitude of its most recent LP, **Paradise Theatre.**

"The new album is going to be conceptual," Shaw says, adding that it will be "quite different. I think in a lot of ways, **Paradise Theatre** tested the waters. We were real pleased that an album of that nature was accepted. Now, we're actually going to do something that makes more of a statement."

According to Shaw, the new album is tentatively scheduled for release at the beginning of next year. A tour of the U.S. and Europe — including Germany — will probably follow.□

Janet Macoska/Kaleyediscope

Styx's Tommy Shaw: "It's not that unusual to have girls camp on my lawn."

Roots

MANOWAR'S ROSS THE BOSS

by Charley Crespo

Each month, *HIT PARADER* takes a rock star back to his old neighborhood. This month we join Ross the Boss, lead guitarist of Manowar in the Bronx, New York.

Once back in the Bronx, Manowar's leader/guitarist Ross the Boss drove straight to Three Boys From Italy pizza shop on Burke Avenue, where he promised we'd get the very best pie ever. Though this was one of Ross' hangouts as a teenager, lunch for four still costs less than $5.

"You know," he said, in what New Yorkers call a Bronx accent, "when you're growing up in the Bronx there's not a lot to do except go and have a slice of pizza."

Duh Bronx, as many natives call it, is a very residential section north of the metropolis with only a few claims to fame, most notably Yankee Stadium.

"The Bronx is definitely cooler than Brooklyn or Queens," boasted Ross. "When you think of the Bronx, you think of Yankee Stadium, the Bronx Zoo. Muhammad Ali fought in Yankee Stadium. The connotation of the Bronx has been bad because of its Fort Apache reputation."

Ross has almost always lived in and around New York City. Through many years with the Dictators, with the short-lived French rock band Shakin' Street, he's never been too far from the Bronx.

Ross turned off of Gun Hill Road in the Williamsbridge area and stopped the car. There was the building he lived in until high school.

"Man this building looks like shit," he said. "This really kills me to come back here. This neighborhood is starting to show its age. That was my room up there, my parents' room over there and that's the kitchen," he said, pointing up to a row of windows on the third floor of a six story apartment building. "This used to be considered a great building to live in.

Geoffrey Thomas

Manowar's Ross the Boss: "When you're growing up in the Bronx there's not a lot to do except go and have a slice of pizza."

"In the old days there was a lot of people on the street, a lot of mothers with their babies. It used to be more of a community. People cared about the neighborhood. I think it could make a comeback."

We turned the corner, and he pointed to a basement storage room. "That's where I kept my bicycle, but they stole it. I had gotten it for Hanukah. I couldn't get another for a while because my parents weren't rich."

Ross and family — his sister, his mother who worked down the street at a hospital, and his father who worked in a furniture store with Ross' grandfather — stayed in the Bronx until Ross completed high school. He then attended nearby Lehman College for a half year, but ultimately quit to pursue a career in music.

His most vivid memory of Lehman College was seeing fellow student Ace Frehley — later of Kiss — in the cafeteria at lunchtime surrounding himself with beer cans. Ross pointed out the elementary school he attended, adding that Robert Klein and Penny Marshall also went there, and across the street, the old age home he worked in for one day before getting fired. We wound up in Fort Independence Park, a hangout Ross and all his friends knew as Pigeon Park.

"This is the place where we constantly hung out while we were in high school — day and night," he said as we walked by the playground area to the grassy hills. "We used to go swimming in that reservoir. Some people drowned so they put up the fence.

"A lot of kids my age were getting into heroin in this neighborhood. We never did, but the cops would drive right into the park nightly to see who had drugs or who was drunk. We were frisked all the time. They really couldn't do anything because we were all young, and they knew we were all from good families.

"Once in a while, the Barclay Avenue guys would come and there would be fights, but fighting wasn't our scene. Music and girls were. My friends and I got down many a night in this park.

"I always knew my calling in life," Ross said pensively. "I was a maniac for rock and roll. It completely changed me ever since I saw the Beatles on the **Ed Sullivan Show**. I lived and breathed it every day. Drugs and trouble weren't for me.

"I went to school and I couldn't wait to get home to practice on my guitar. Anytime I wasn't doing anything, I had a guitar in my hands. When my friends would go out, I'd stay home and practice, knowing they were just wasting their time."

The practice has paid off. Manowar appears to be one of the hottest new American heavy metal bands, and that claim is partly based on Ross' guitar playing on the **Battle Hymns** LP.

"I still use the white SG custom guitar I've had for 14 years," he added.□

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LUANNE

(As recorded by Foreigner)

L. GRAMM
M. JONES

Luanne, Luanne
Why do you run and hide
Luanne, Luanne
Don't keep your love inside.

I wait around for you after school
You slip away and I don't see you
Don't know what I'm gonna do
You can't see how much I need you
We met one day and then you ran away
I've searched the whole town looking for you
I know you're there somewhere.

Luanne, Luanne
Why do you run and hide
Luanne, Luanne
Don't keep your love inside.

I'm writing letters that I never send
I keep the words to whisper to you someday
Don't know where and I don't know when
Luanne I'm gonna get to you someday
I want to feel your love so close to me
Give me just half a chance
To prove myself, I need to.

Luanne, Luanne
Why do you run and hide
Luanne, Luanne
Don't keep your love inside.

These days true love is so hard to find
Someday I know you're gonna be mine.
Luanne, Luanne, Luanne.

Oh Luanne, Luanne
Why do you run and hide
Luanne, Luanne
Don't keep your love inside.

Luanne, Luanne
I wanna be beside you
Can't you understand
Luanne, Luanne
Give me a little love
I know you can
Luanne, hey Luanne
Can't you hear me calling Luanne.

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SOMEDAY, SOMEWAY

(As recorded by Marshall Crenshaw)

MARSHALL CRENSHAW

I can't stand to see you sad
I can't stand to hear you cry
If you can't tell me what you need
All I can do is wonder why.

Someday, someway
Someday, someway
Someday, someway
Maybe I'll understand you
You've taken everything from me
I've taken everything from you
I'll love you for my whole life through.

After all you've done for me
All I really want to do
Is take the love you've brought my way
And give it all right back to you.
(Repeat chorus)

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AMERICAN WOMAN

(As recorded by Krokus)

RANDY C. BACHMAN
BURTON CUMMINGS
JIM KALE
GARRY PETERSON

American woman
Stay away from me
American woman
Got to let me be
Don't come hangin' around my door
Don't wanna see your face no more
More important things to do
Than to spend my time growin' old
with you.

Now woman
Said stay away
American woman
Listen what I say.

American woman
Get away from me
American woman
Got to let me be
Don't come a-knockin' around my
door
Don't wanna see your shadow no
more
Colored lights can hypnotize
Sparkle someone else's eyes.

Now woman
Please get away
American woman
Listen what I say.

American woman
Said get away
American woman
Listen what I say
Don't come hangin' around my door
Don't wanna see your face no more
I don't need no war machines
I don't need your ghetto scenes
Colored lights can hypnotize
Sparkle someone else's eyes.

Now woman
Get away from me
American woman
Got to let me be oh girl
You're no good for me
I'm no good for you
Girl look me right in the eye
Tell you what I'm gonna do
Gonna say bye bye
(American woman)
Gonna say bye bye
(American woman).

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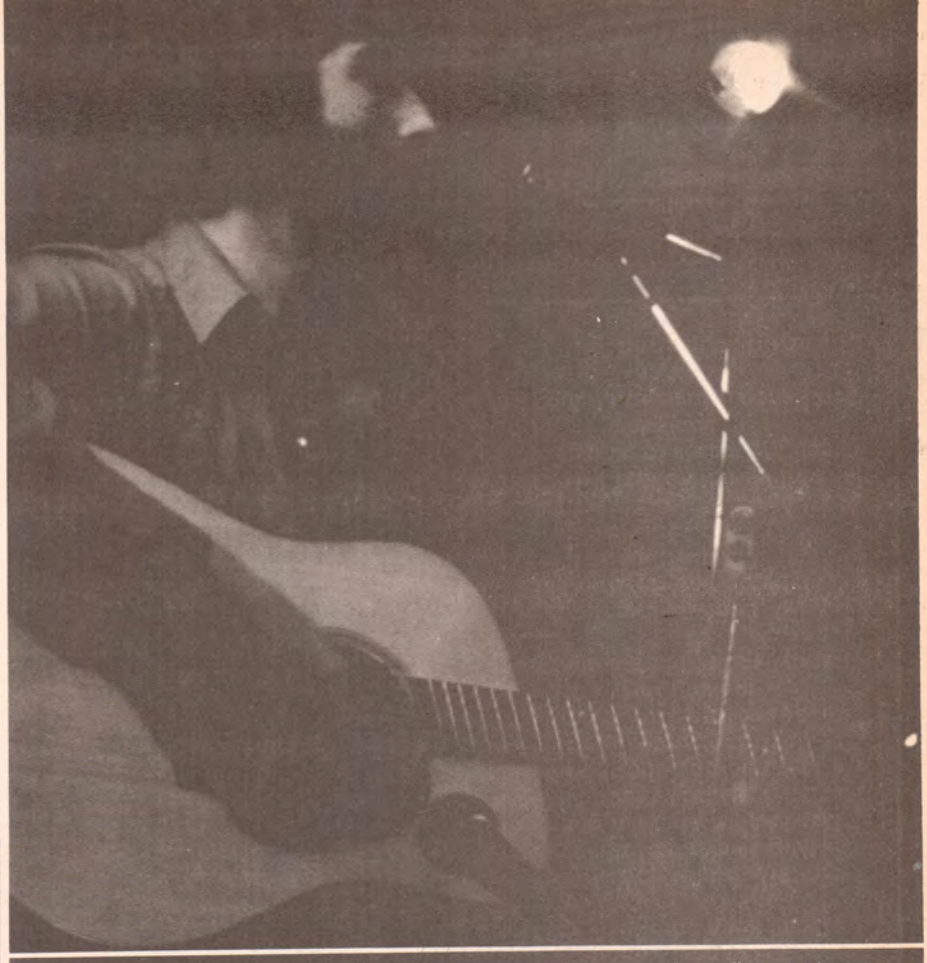

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TAKE IT AWAY

(As recorded by Paul McCartney)

McCARTNEY

Take it away
Want to hear you play
Till the lights go down
Take it away
Don't you want to stay
Till there's no one else around.

Take it away
Want to hear you play
Till the lights go down
Take it away
Don't you want to stay
Till there's no one else around.

Lonely driver
Out on the road
With a hundred miles to go
Sole survivor
Carrying the load
Switches on his radio.

Take it away
Want to hear you play
Till the lights go down
(Down, down)
Take it away
Don't you want to stay
Till there's no one else around.

Take it away
Want to hear you play
Till the lights go down
Take it away
Don't you want to stay
Till there's no one else around.
Take it away
Want to hear you play
Till the lights go down
Take it away
Don't you want to stay
Till there's no one else around.

In the audience
Watching the show
With a paper in his hand
(In his hand, in his hand)
Some important impresario
Has a message for the band.

Oh take it away
Want to hear you play
Till the lights go down
(Down, down)
Take it away
Don't you want to stay
Till there's no one else around.

You never know
Who may be listening to you
You never know
Who may be listening to you
You never know
Who may be listening to you
Take it away
Take it away.

After hours
Late in the bar
By a darkened corner seat
Faded flowers wait in the jar
Till the evening is complete.

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NICE GIRLS

(As recorded by Eye To Eye)

JULIAN MARSHALL
DEBORAH BERG

Disappointed youth
Where is all the flash
I can't be uncouth
I can speak no trash
What's gonna happen to me
Don't want to turn out to be
Not another nice girl.

Wanna stay out late with those ostracized guys
Silver glitter on my face
Smear a little 'round my eyes
What's gonna happen to she who can't turn out
Can't be nothin' but a nice girl.

Oh what a shame
She's nobody's dream
She's got nothing to say
Remains lonely and clean.

Body pressure up
Gets my fantasies wound
Wanna eat you up
Pull you down to the ground
What's gonna happen if she spends her life all pristine
Like a proper nice girl.

Such a game, middle class
Throwin' sticks in the mud
Shame, shame, shame middle class
Nippin' girls in the bud.

Wanna stay out late with those ostracized guys
Silver glitter on my face
Smear a little 'round my eyes
What's gonna happen to she who can't turn out
Can't be nothin' but a nice girl
What's gonna happen to she who can't turn out
Can't be nothin' but a nice girl.

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TAKE A CHANCE WITH ME

(As recorded by Roxy Music)

FERRY
MANZANERA

As they say two can play
But keep that song away from me
In my time too much love
Has made me sad for so long.

I was blind can't you see
Through the long lonely night
Heaven knows I believe
Won't you take a chance with me.

Sometimes I get so blue
People say I'm just a fool
All the world even you
Should learn to love the way I do.

I was lost can't you see
Through the long lonely night
Heaven knows I believe
You can take a chance with me.

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BLUE EYES

(As recorded by Elton John)

ELTON JOHN
GARY OSBORNE

Blue eyes
Baby's got blue eyes
Like a deep blue sea
On a blue, blue day.
Blue eyes
Baby's got blue eyes
When the morning comes
I'll be far away and I say
Blue eyes holding back the tears
Holding back the pain
And she's alone again.
Blue eyes
Baby's got blue eyes
Like a clear blue sky
Watching over me.
Blue eyes ooh
I love blue eyes
When I'm by her side
Where I long to be I will see
Blue eyes laughing in the sun
Laughing in the rain
Baby's got blue eyes
And am I home again
And am I home again.

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BLACK COFFEE IN BED

(As recorded by Squeeze)

GLENN TILBROOK
CHRIS DIFFORD

There's a stain on my notebook
Where your coffee cup was
And there's ash in the pages
Now I've got myself lost
I was writing to tell you
That my feelings tonight
Are a stain on my notebook
That rings your goodbye.

With the way that you left me
I can hardly contain
The hurt and the anger
And the joy of the pain
Now knowing I am single
There'll be fire in my eyes
And a stain on my notebook
For a new love tonight.

From the lips without passion
To the lips with a kiss
There's nothing of your love
That I'll ever miss
The stain on my notebook
Remains all that's left
Of the memory of late nights
And coffee in bed.

Now she's gone
And I'm back on the beat
A stain on my notebook
Says nothing to me
Now she's gone
And I'm out with a friend
With lips full of passion
And coffee in bed.

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WHEN YOU WALK IN THE ROOM

(As recorded by Steve Forbert)

JACKIE DE SHANNON

I could feel a new
Expression on my face
I could feel a glowin'
Sensation taking place
I can hear the gittars
Playing lovely tunes
Every time that you
Walk in the room.

I close my eyes
For a second and pretend
It's me you want
Meanwhile I try to
Act so nonchalant
I feel a summer's night
With a magic moon
Every time that you
Walk in the room.

Baby it's a dream come true
Standing right along side of you
Wish I could tell
How much I care
But I only have the nerve to stare.

I can feel there's
Something happ'ning in my brain
Just anytime that someone
Speaks your name
Trumpet sounds I hear from the blue
Every time that you
Walk in the room.

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BODY LANGUAGE

(As recorded by Queen)

FREDDIE MERCURY

Give me
Body
Give me
Body, body
Give me
Your body
Don't talk
Baby don't talk
Body language
Body language
Body language
Give me your body
Just give me yeah your body
Give me yeah your body
Don't talk
Body language
Body language
Body language
You got red lips
Snakes in your eyes
Long legs, great thighs
You've got the cutest ... I've ever seen
Knock me down for a six any time.

Look at me
I gotta case of body language.
(Repeat)

Body language
Body language, yeah
Sexy body sexy, sexy body
I want your body
Baby you're hot
Body language
Body language
Body language
Body language
Body language
Body language.

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CAUGHT UP IN YOU

(As recorded by 38 Special)

DON BARNES
JEFF CARLISI
JIM PETERIK

I never knew there'd come a day
When I'd be sayin' to you
"Don't let this good love slip away
Now that we know that it's true"
Don't, don't you know the kind of man I am
No, said I'd never fall in love again
But it's real and the feeling comes shining through.

I'm so caught up in you little girl
And I never did suspect a thing
So caught up in you little girl
That I never want to get myself free
And baby it's true
You're the one
Who caught me baby you taught me
How good it could be.

It took so long to change my mind
I thought that love was a game
I played around enough to find
No two are ever the same
You made me realize the love I'd missed
So hot love I couldn't quite resist
When it's right the light just comes shining through.

I'm so caught up in you little girl
You're the one that's got me down on my knees
So caught up in you little girl
That I never want to get myself free
And baby it's true
You're the one
Who caught me baby you taught me
How good it could be.

Fill your days and your nights
No need to ever ask me twice oh no
Whenever you want me
And if ever comes a day
When you should turn and walk away oh no
I can't live without you
I'm so caught up in you.

Yeah yeah yeah
And if ever comes a day
When you should turn and walk away oh no
I can't live without you
I'm so caught up in you little girl
You're the one that's got me down on my knees
So caught up in you little girl
That I never want to get myself free
And baby it's true
You're the one
Who caught me baby you taught me
How good it could be little girl
You're the one that's got me down on my knees
So caught up in you little girl
That I never want to get myself free
And baby it's true
You're the one
Who caught me and taught me
You got me so caught up in you.

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I'LL FIND MY WAY HOME

(As recorded by Jon and Vangelis)

JON ANDERSON
VANGELIS

You ask me where to begin
Am I so lost in my sin
You ask me where did I fall
I'll say I can't tell you when
But if my spirit is lost
How will I find what is near
Don't question I'm not alone
Somehow I'll find my way home.

My sun shall rise in the east
So shall my heart be at peace
And if you're asking me when
I'll say it starts at the end
You know your will to be free
Is matched with love secretly
And talk would alter your prayer
Somehow you find you are there.

Your friend is close by your side
And speaks in far ancient tongue
A season's wish will come true
All seasons begin with you
One world we all come from
One world we melt into one
Just hold my hand and we're there
Somehow we're going somewhere
Somehow we're going somewhere.

You ask me where to begin
Am I so lost in my sin
You ask me where did I fall
I'll say I can't tell you when
But if my spirit is strong
I know it can't be wrong
No questions I'm not alone
Somehow I'll find my way home
Somehow I'll find my way home
Somehow I'll find my way home
Somehow I'll find my way home.

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ABRACADABRA

(As recorded by the Steve Miller Band)

STEVE MILLER

Every time you call my name
I heat up like a burning flame
A burning flame full of desire
Kiss me baby let the fire get higher.

I heat up
I can't cool down
You got me spinnin'
'Round and 'round
'Round and 'round and 'round it goes
Where it stops nobody knows.

Abra abra cadabra
I want to reach out and grab ya
Abra abra cadabra
Abracadabra.

You make me hot
You make me sigh
You make me laugh
You make me cry
Keep me burnin' for your love
With the touch of a velvet glove.

Abra abra cadabra
I want to reach out and grab ya
Abra abra cadabra
Abracadabra.

I feel magic in your caress
I feel magic when I touch your dress
Silk and satin, leather and lace
Black panties with an angel's face
I hear those words that you always say.

Abra abra cadabra
I want to reach out and grab ya
Abra abra cadabra
Abracadabra.

Every time you call my name
I heat up like a burnin' flame
Burnin' flame full of desire
Kiss me baby let the fire get higher.

I heat up
I can't cool down
The situation goes 'round and 'round.

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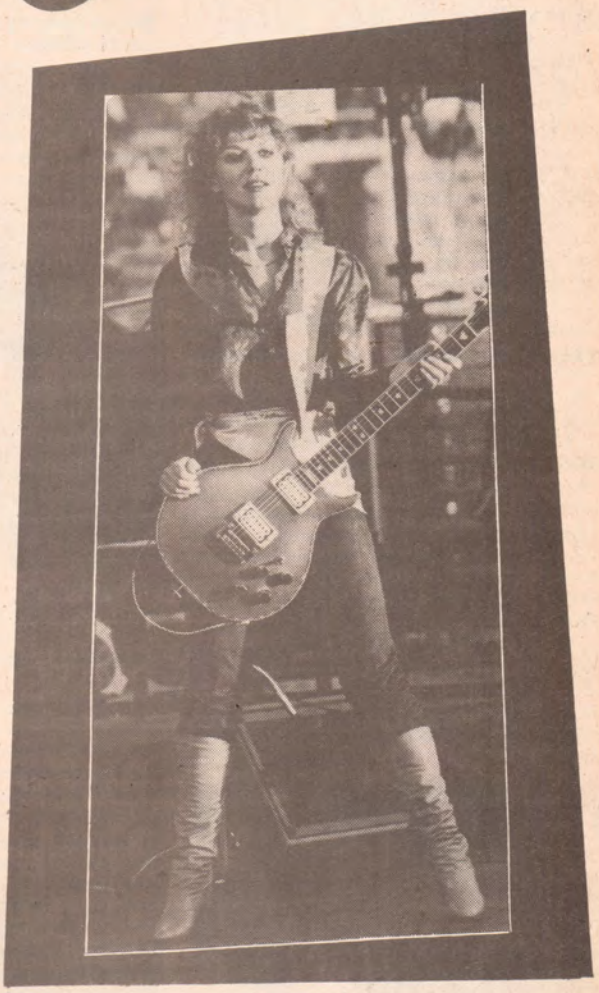
The concert trail is pumping, the rock world's blood is rushing, the body and soul is lusting — Heart is back on the road. After a long absence, the Wilson sisters, Ann and Nancy, are blasting away, coast to coast. Heart is in the right place at the right time.



Record Reviews

by Roy Trakin

Rolling Stones
"Still Life"
David Johansen
Live It Up

The Rolling Stones and David Johansen certainly have different reasons for releasing live albums at this stage in their respective careers. For the heavyweight champion Stones, this is the fourth live album they've released — the second in five years — commemorating a tour that set records for attendance and gross revenue. Meanwhile, David Johansen is still struggling after three solo studio efforts, but this hell-raising LP does much more than celebrate the one-time New York Doll's survival. It's no surprise the man fighting for his life rather than his pocketbooks comes out on top, a la **Rocky**.

Like the U.S. jaunt that it documents, **Still Life**'s most exciting moment comes at the very beginning, when Duke Ellington's *Take the A Train* on the P.A. segues into the first few notes of *Under My Thumb*. I play that part over and over and it never fails to raise the hair on the back of my neck, as it did when I saw the Stones live.

Unfortunately, those seconds pass, and the rest of the rather chintzy 10-song, edited set is curiously sedated and devoid of any tension. Sure, the band is impressively tight, rhythmic and even funky like on the hilarious *Shattered*, where

Jagger's impersonation of a garment center salesman — "Schmata, schmata, schmata ... I couldn't give it away on Seventh Avenue," — is backed by a jumpy, new wave urban beat.

But *Going To a Go Go* is just as leaden as I remember it in concert, a curiously unsoulful take on the Smokey Robinson classic. The old Eddie Cochran burner, *Twenty Flight Rock*, is fine, but what the Stones do to their own *Satisfaction* is sinful. If you insist, tape this record from a friend, but don't use a new cassette. From the sound of it, the Rolling Stones probably didn't either.

You've gotta feel for David Jo. He should have been a star long ago as a mugging Mick Jagger look-alike for the seminal Dolls. Now, after three solo LPs, with a batch of rockin' chestnuts, like *Frenchette*, *Donna* and *Funky But Chic* under his belt, Johansen resorts to what he knows best: an affable party-master, a veritable jukebox of '60s cover-nuggets like *We Gotta Get Out Of This Place*, *Reach Out I'll Be There*, *Build Me Up Buttercup* and *It's My Life*.

Of course, his slug-'em-out band plays like they're from Staten Island, but, so

what? It's a party, ya ninny. Yer s'posed to be too drunk to notice. David is. Let's hope this record makes David Johansen a household name.

Pete Townshend
All The Best Cowboys Have Chinese Eyes

One of rock's elder statesmen uses the turmoil and pain in his own life to create a memorable superstar confessional along the lines of *Imagine*, *Berlin* or *There's A Riot Going On*. Pete Townshend spends half his time with his head in the clouds and half the time lying in the gutter on **All The Best Cowboys**... The LP serves as a Townshendian meditation on the state of the pop universe, including compassion *(Stop Hurting People, The Sea Refuses No River)*, communication *(Communication)*, fame *(Stardom in Action)*, Southern California *(Exquisitely Bored)*, fashion *(Uniforms)* and, of course, getting old *(Slit Skirts)*.

The Who's fearless leader couples tunes with gentle lyricism and transcendental singing with strenuous vocal acrobatics. He kicks rythmically on the syllable-thrust of *Communication* and snarls at the pitiful effects of public adulation of *Stardom In Action*. But this is not, by and large, the angry, young Pete Townshend of *My Generation* or even *Won't Get Fooled Again*. This is a wise, philosophical man not afraid to play the fool for something he believes in. His voice strains to convey the melodies of *The Sea Refuses No River*, *Somebody Saved Me* and *Slit Skirts*, but we forgive the shortcomings, as we forgive the man his petty follies, lyrical indulgences and neurotic fear of premature senility.

Pete Townshend is the only songwriter in rock who can go from the specific to the abstract without missing a beat. In **All The Best Cowboys Have Chinese Eyes**, he proves something is everything. Who's next, indeed?

The Clash
Combat Rock
Blondie
The Hunter

A pair of new wave veterans — each pioneers in their own right, — try to maintain hard-earned commercial gains. No one can accuse the Clash of pandering to the marketplace, and, even though it might appear otherwise, Blondie have never succumbed to a formula either. On **Combat Rock** and **The Hunter** the bands struggle to break out of the cliches they have become — in image and music — with varying degrees of success.

The Clash follow last year's unwieldy triple-LP, **Sandinista!**, with their fifth album, a single record that still reflects

the group's penchant for filler. The airy, treated dub rhythms of *Know Your Rights* stake out the Clash's musical turf, a hip-hopping urban street-beat that incorporates classic Brit-pop virtues: lusty call-and-response vocals and heartful, if raucously out-of-tune, harmonies.

Should I Stay Or Should I Go? might seem like a direct commentary on Joe Strumer's recent disappearance, but it's *Train In Vain* vocal is delivered by trooper Mick Jones. Muscular Paul Simonon gets to do his toasting bit on the cynical tribute to New York's Guardian Angels, *Red Angel Dragnet*, while beat poet Alan Ginsburg chants a chilling verse about

urban decay over a seductive, Clash-beat in *Ghetto Defendant*, painting a savage picture of heroin addiction in the city.

The Clash's politics have remained uncompromising, and their vision is still hard-edged in its dualism, but they are nearing the limits of their commitment. **Combat Rock** turns against itself to attack the form; the Clash are battling a self-loathing that has them questioning their role as entertainers. Which would be great except this LP's only masterpiece is the electric *Rock The Casbah*, a solid rocker that parlays the Clash's social

commitment, incisive humor and telling observations into a classic pop song. But when you realize what this band is capable of, it makes aimless, self-parodic riffing like *Car Jamming*, *Atom Tan* and *Inoculated City* seem like the maddening throwaways they so obviously were intended to be.

Like the Clash, Blondie's virtues are often inextricably linked up with their deficiencies, which makes discussion between admirers and non-admirers virtually impossible. Ever since they went against punk type to do a disco song, *Heart of Glass*, Blondie has been simultaneously accused of brilliant foresight and crass calculation. **The Hunter** is an uncompromising MOR LP —its slick, placid pop forming a deceptive gloss over some disturbing images.

Debbie Harry's vocal style has implanted itself onto people's consciousness as a harbinger of mystery and danger. **The Hunter** is about animals and the jungle, according to Chris. According to Debbie, it's about searching and finding, and the price you pay for that discovery. The Smokey Robinson standard, *The Hunter Gets Captured By The Game* provides the LP's thematics while the lilting calypso of *Island of Lost Souls* cues the relaxed musical feel. Blondie's no longer at the forefront of anything, but don't let their position in the mainstream fool you, either. They still mean business.

Roxy Music
Avalon

Ever since Brian Eno left and took his art-school anarchism with him, Roxy Music has been moving closer and closer to singer Bryan Ferry's formalized, hyper-romantic vision. For awhile, it appeared the group would dry up into brittle yet irresistible Hollywood tinsel, melodramatized by elegant Bry's doomed portrayals. On their last two albums, **Manifesto** and **Flesh and Blood**, and, now, with **Avalon**, Roxy has staged a remarkable comeback with a sound even smoother, slicker and gloomier than before.

Avalon features the most stringently minimal Roxy arrangements ever. The musical backdrop gurgles, percolates and clicks below as Bryan moans mock-soulfully above. The core of the band — guitarist Phil Manzanera and saxophone player Andy Mackay —subtly color in the distinctive Roxy signature: bleating, double-tracked saxes and yearning, subdued guitars.

Once again Manzanera's egolessness gives Ferry's existential longing its "true to life" expression with solos you have to listen for. The creme of studio sessioneers, guys like Andy Newmark, Fonzi Thornton and Rick Marotta, integrate their talents into the seamless framework.

Ferry's other-worldly romanticism has reached almost self-parodic heights, but soaring melodies like *More Than This* and *While My Heart Is Still Beating* make the feverish dreaming a coolly seductive reality. Two of the ten tunes are instrumentals and the other eight are composed of the most simple, empty, banal declarations of love. As the lush almost-muzak soundtrack melts around these "fake" emotions, Ferry's romanticism becomes comically absurd, devoid of meaning, and, hence, ultimately tragic.

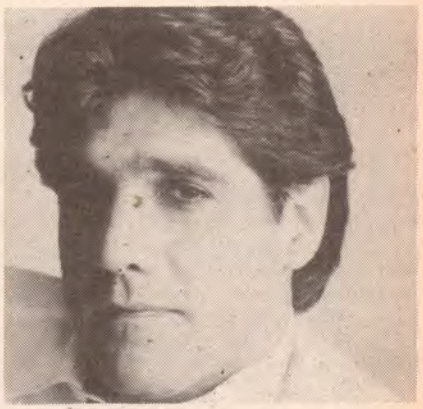
Everybody plays the fool sometimes, but Bryan plays it by choice. There's something a little weird about that, and it gives the idealized vision of **Avalon** its twisted self-consciously fatalistic edge. "More than this — there is nothing," sings Bryan Ferry, and he may just be right.

Glenn Frey
No Fun Aloud
Greg Copeland
Revenge Will Come

Critics have been maligning the L.A. singer/songwriter syndrome for years now, and no two groups are more associated with that turf than the Eagles and Jackson Browne. All but die-hard country-rockers have dismissed these cocaine cowboys as unwitting victims of terminal mellow, a disease which seems to fester in the SoCal smog, but recent developments indicate that there may be some life in the old horse yet.

The *Take It Easy* Eagles have finally splintered into their component parts, enabling us to hone in on what made that spectacularly successful group tick; Glenn Frey's solo debut, **No Fun Aloud**, isolates a number of root elements. Greg Copeland, meanwhile, is a high school buddy of Jackson Browne, who served as producer for his friend's startling first effort, **Revenge Will Come**. These two products of the laid-back City of Angels show that the area isn't the cultural wasteland we might have thought.

Free from the heavy burden of keeping his Eagles in flight, Glenn Frey's **No Fun Aloud** gets back to his Detroit turf with a basic R&B soul-flavored approach. *I Found Somebody* looks south to Memphis with its Al Garth tenor sax honks and Booker T. organ riffs. *I've Been Born Again* is a gospel rave-up, punctuated with crisp horns and more swinging sax. Frey does his best to avoid the patented Eagles' sound, though the Jack Tempchin/Bill Bodine *I Volunteer* ironically evokes that band more than anything Frey himself composed.



While Glenn's musical influences are clear enough, his own personality tends to get lost in the gloss. There is no overall theme to the LP; the collection of songs offers no clue as to what Glenn Frey himself is all about. Sure, the luxurious ballads — especially the Latin-flavored *She Can't Let Go* — are effective, but Frey never takes us below their seductive surfaces. Likewise with the rockers — the cover of *Sea Cruise* and the stiff *Partytown* — which offer little release. **No Fun Aloud** offers Glenn Frey's musical pedigree; next time, he'll have to create his own.

On the other hand, newcomer Greg Copeland arrives a full-blown persona, a verse-singing troubadour poet who does contemporaries like Jim Carroll one better by proving to be a good songwriter, too. His lyrics don't strain to fit the music. Copeland, unlike his L.A. compatriots, deals with human relationships through the prism of current events.

While evoking Carroll on the first, stream-of-consciousness, state-of-the-universe manifesto (*Used*), Copeland moves beyond to develop quiet, south-of-the-border mood-pieces (*Eagleston*), **Blonde on Blonde**-styled subterranean homesick blues (*At The Warfield*), a double-edged political protest Bob Dylan wished he could write (*El Salvador*) and a rousing roots-rocker that even the El Lay session cats assembled by Jackson can't completely deflate (*Full Cleveland*).

This man shouldn't be allowed to dry up in the California sun. It's time for him to get on the road, where he belongs. Greg Copeland is the real Warren Zevon, an excitable boy who has emerged whole from the most unlikely breeding grounds.□

Celebrity Rate-a-Record

with

38 SPECIAL

38 Special's Jeff Carlisi told *Hit Parader* that his band used to listen to AOR rock stations while on tour, but that lately, since last year's *Wild Eyed Southern Boys* and this year's *Special Forces* LPs have spawned hit singles, he's been checking out more and more Top 40 stations.

The band also listens to a wide assortment of tapes on the bus, music ranging from country and western like Jerry Reed, to jazz, in addition to acts like Queen and Frankie Miller. At home, he prefers to listen to jazz and rock bands from the late '60s and early '70s, mostly because that's where he finds the majority of his guitar heroes.

During a quick stop in New York, we sat Jeff in front of a cheap stereo and asked him to listen to some recent releases. Most of these songs he'd never heard before, so by and large these are his first impressions.

Harrison Funk

38 Special's Jeff Carlisi: "It sounded like typical new wave with nothing fresh about it."

Last Safe Place On Earth, **Le Roux**

I like this one. There's a lot of good stuff, a lot of interesting changes you wouldn't expect. The feel is real good; at least it makes *me* feel real good. The title doesn't fit the music, though.

Hope You Love Me Like You Say You Do, **Huey Lewis and The News**

Another good record. I'm a real sucker for R&B anyway. It's pretty traditional, nothing really new or innovative; it's reminiscent of the old Motown sound. Great singer. If you like R&B, this is a good one. It has the potential to cross over to black charts.

City Girls, **J.J. Cale**

J.J. Cale is the best; one of my favorite all-time heroes. This is real typical sounding, though. What he's singing about has already been done and perfected. This record doesn't sound as good as some of his older things. It's a typical country song.

Harder Than Diamond, **Chubby Checker**

It's an interesting change, but it's the wrong approach for him. I'll give him credit for going out on a limb, but it's not his forte. It sounds like a record that Loverboy would do, and it doesn't fit the way he sings.

Crazy In Love, **Michael Smotherman**

Too repetitious; no changes in it. It'd be a good song for pogo-ing. Sounds like it has REO influences. I think it missed; it got monotonous.

One Of Those Nights, **B.B. King**

He does something to me. He can create such a mood. Even if it's not a terribly great song, he'll still sound great. I'm prejudiced for B.B. King. I can't help but believe everything he says. When he sings, he sings from the heart. I don't think it's a hit song, but I'd buy it.

My Girl, **Donnie Iris**

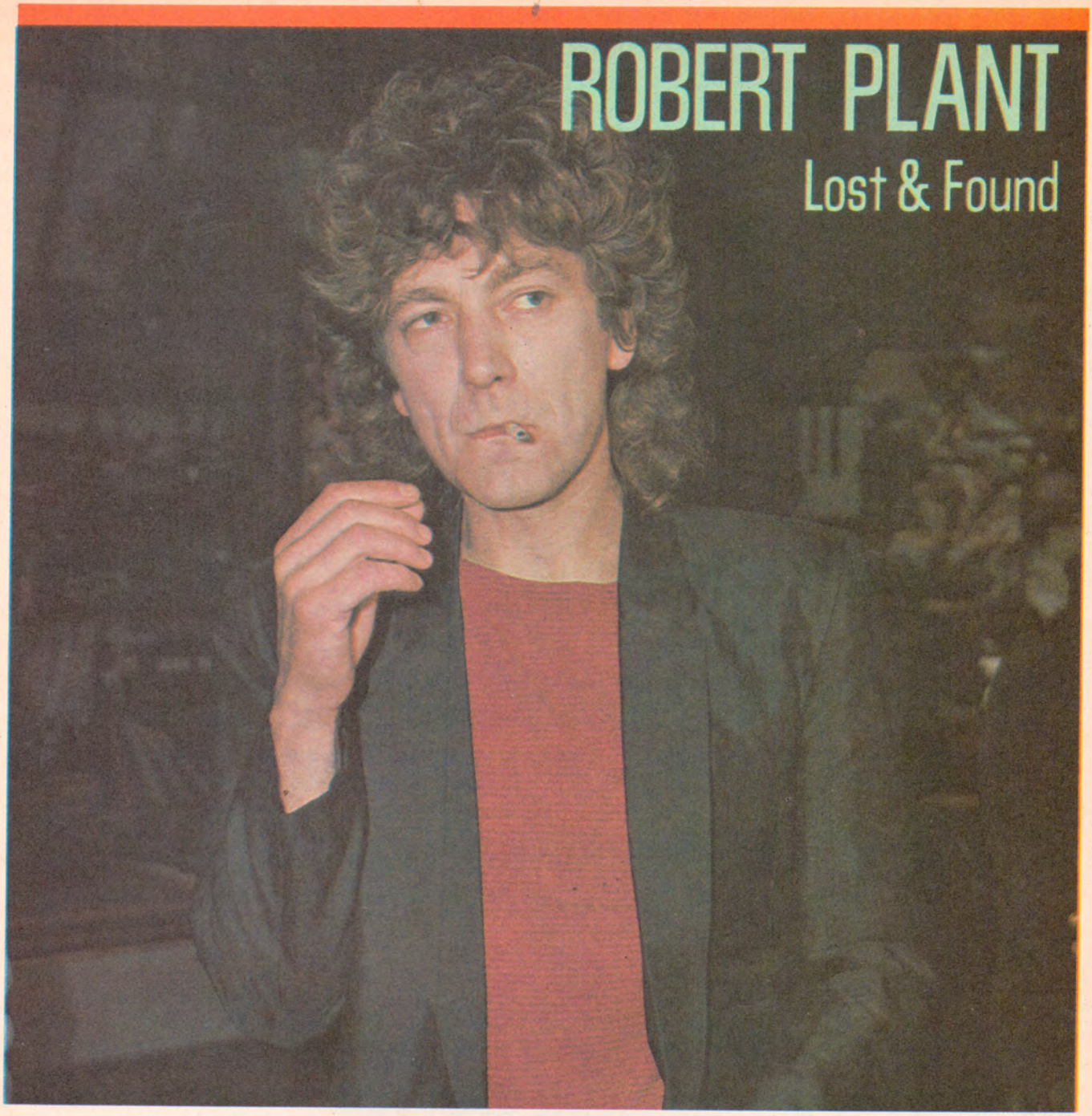
Swing rock and roll. Doesn't knock me out. I'll give it a 58. The production disturbs me more than anything else. The song could have had a nice groove to it, but it wasn't that unique. The vocal harmonies are nice; they remind me of the Beatles. Some of the changes are very different from other things happening on this record. It sounds like it was pieced together.

I Ran (So Far Away), **A Flock Of Seagulls**

I don't like it. Musically it was interesting; if it was a better song, the band could be interesting. It sounded like typical new wave with nothing fresh about it.□

ROBERT PLANT

Lost & Found



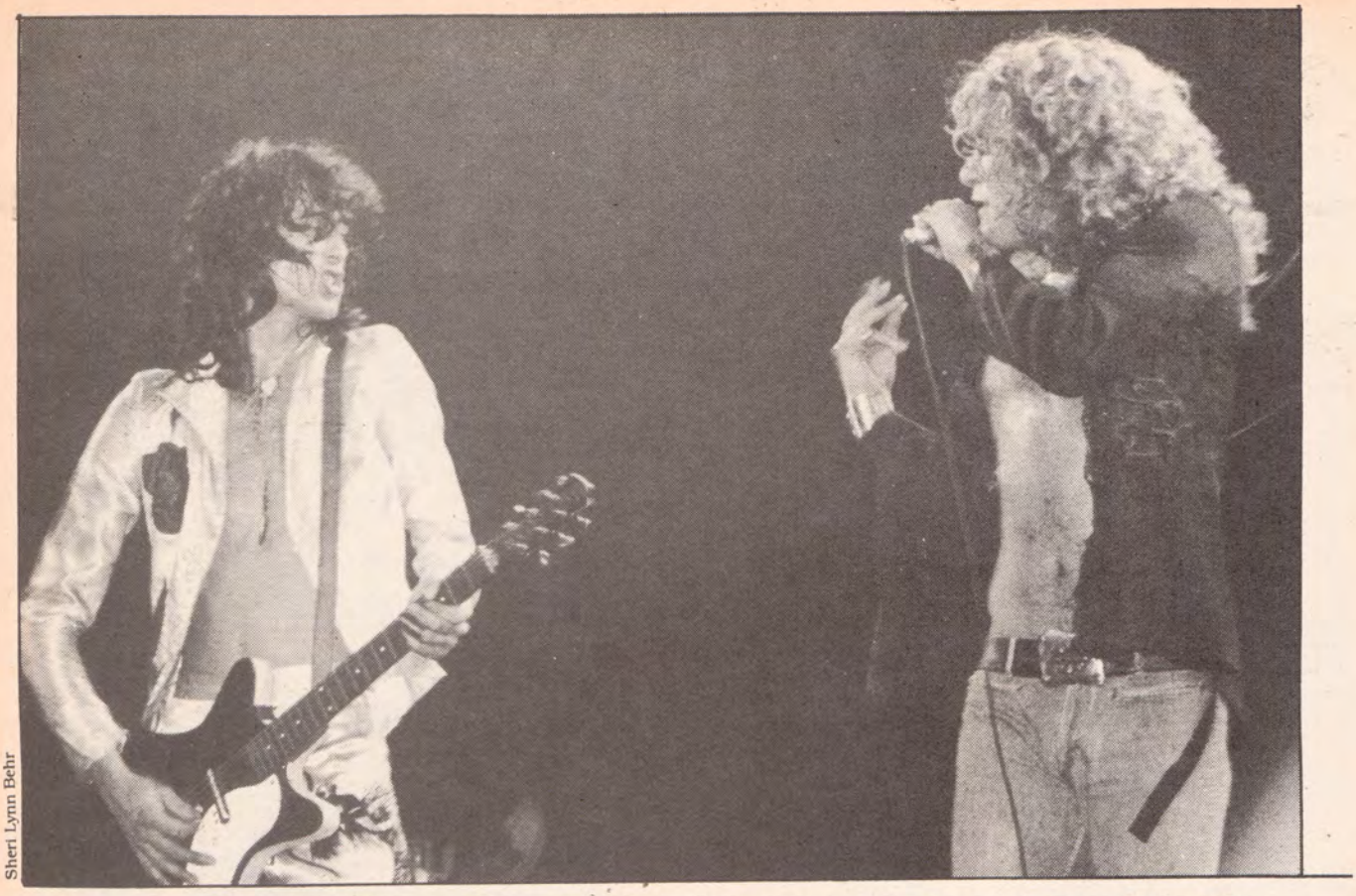
Robert Plant: "I've been used to working in a close-knit environment with a lot of warmth."

Gary Gershoff

Legend Rides Again Thanks To An Exclusive Interview Courtesy Of England's Kerrang! Magazine.

With the release of *Pictures At Eleven*, Robert Plant ended months of speculation concerning his post-Led Zeppelin career. Featuring the talents of Genesis' Phil Collins, drummer Cozy Powell, guitarist Robbie Blunt, keyboardist Jezz Woodruff and bassist Paul Martinez, *Pictures At Eleven* quickly silenced those who claimed that Plant would never record again.

With a strong Zeppelinesque flavor, it has proved to be the album that Zep's fans have been waiting for since the band's demise in 1980. Here now is a special interview with Plant conducted in England shortly after the release of his new album.



Sheri Lynn Behr

Jimmy Page and Robert Plant: "Jimmy and I are good friends. We've always been very close, and we've worked together for a long time. We're a great team."

Hit Parader: Robert, when was **Pictures At Eleven** recorded?

Robert Plant: We did it in fits and starts to avoid having a real glut of studio time, which can often have an adverse effect. The first stuff we did was with Cozy and that was around last September/October. The tracks he played on were *Slow Dancer* and *Just Like I've Never Been Gone*.

HP: How did you get yourself back into music?

RP: Robbie (Blunt) and I had been playing in a band called the Honeydrippers for quite a while, playing out our fantasies with Rhythm and Blues with a horn section. It was enjoyable, and we went around the country appearing in small clubs. Gradually we began to realize the possible limitations as things got a bit repetitious. It wasn't a serious thing, but we didn't really want to play 12 bars for ever and ever. We were just popping up for gigs and some great stuff went down. We were covering material by people like Otis Rush and Albert King. It was great fun.

HP: Do you consider **Pictures At Eleven** a solo album, or is it the first record by a new band?

RP: It's a band really — there's a lot more security in that. I've been used to working in a close-knit environment with a lot of warmth for a long time, and that makes you feel very secure. So my first thought was to give everybody the same opportunity I'd got.

HP: Many people had speculated that if and when you decided to do an album you would have just chosen the best session players around and gone at it. Why didn't you?

RP: I did consider taking everybody out of a big band that didn't have a job and calling it Australasia or Africa or some other continent! But for me, that's far too obvious. It's been a pleasure to work with people who initially had no idea how far you could take it. Initially, nobody expected anything at all. No one expected that there was going to be an album, although at the back of everyone's mind there was always the thought that we might just be good enough to warrant doing one.

It was very hard for me to see that, because of what I'd been involved with before in Zep. There was so much quality that I could never really see myself going, 'Yeah, that's good enough' or 'That might be good enough' because I loved what I was doing before so much. It was a case of things happening slowly, but surely.

"I ain't gonna play Zeppelin songs without Zeppelin."

HP: The only permanent band member you seem to be missing is a drummer. Why and how did you get Phil Collins and Cozy Powell involved?

RP: I didn't really choose them. I timidly asked them if they'd mind helping me out and their response was great. It was extremely hard for me to even consider working with other people. I know that might sound corny, but it really was. Initially, I didn't want to play with anyone, and then the Honeydrippers got me at it again. To then approach someone like Cozy, who had a working situation (with the Michael Schenker Group), and have him agree to work with me was clearing the first hurdle.

HP: It's hard to picture any musician turning down a request from you.

RP: It depends on how you look at things. I don't overestimate where I stand. Things with Cozy worked out really well. He came down and gave it a lot of 'woomph' — that classic foot back and kick — which was just what the doctor ordered. The rest of us had been jogging along, taking everything really steady and suddenly Cozy came in like a typhoon. Everyone suddenly realized that we were playing rock and roll — we'd forgotten about that. We were writing these lovely little chord sequences, and suddenly it all had some bearing. He

came in at the middle of it all and let it fly. The reason he only did two tracks was because he had so many commitments. Cozy was really a tower of strength.

HP: And Phil Collins?

RP: He was amazing, too. He possesses boundless energy and has the ability to latch on very quickly. With him there, we did six backing tracks in three days, which is incredible. He can take rhythms and move them to his own style, but he's very adaptable and his own dynamics were great. A lot of people have heard the tracks and can't believe it was Phil. It shows he's got a lot more strings to his bow.

HP: Are there any plans for taking the new material on tour?

RP: I'd like to be able to go on stage and do a complete set of material that features this album as well as the next one. That would give me about two hours of material. Until I've got that there's no point in going out on the road. I don't want to play half the show with songs that people have never heard before — it's not worth it.

HP: Of course, you could always do a few Zeppelin numbers.

RP: I love the numbers, but I ain't gonna play Zeppelin songs without Zeppelin.

HP: Speaking of Zeppelin, do you see any chance that the band will ever record or play together again?

RP: Led Zeppelin won't. When you have a four piece band and it's not a four piece anymore, there's no way it can ever become one again. All the rumors (about the band reforming) were nonsense, and they were aggravating and upsetting everyone. It was natural speculation, but you don't start shuffling around something that works that well and that tight.

HP: Do you stay in touch with Jimmy Page?

RP: Yeah, quite a lot — at least as much as I can in between whatever we're doing separately. We keep in touch a lot.

HP: Is there any chance that you two may work together again?

RP: Well ... I don't know ... but time does amazing things. Anything is possible at one time or another. Jimmy and I are good friends. We've always been very close, and we've worked together for a long time. We're a great team, but right now I'm very enthusiastic about what I've just done. I've sweated over this, and I haven't had the usual people to lean on. It's very important to me.

HP: Do you know if Jimmy's worked on anything since the completion of the **Death Wish** project?

RP: He's got a project, or he's been talking with a great deal of affection about one that would involve alternative musicians — nobody we know in England or America. It's a project he's had in the back of his mind for a long time, but there's no point in going into it unless it really takes off. It's quite a wholesome thing, though, and it sounds extremely interesting.

HP: Didn't you and Jimmy jam with Foreigner recently in Munich? How did that come about?

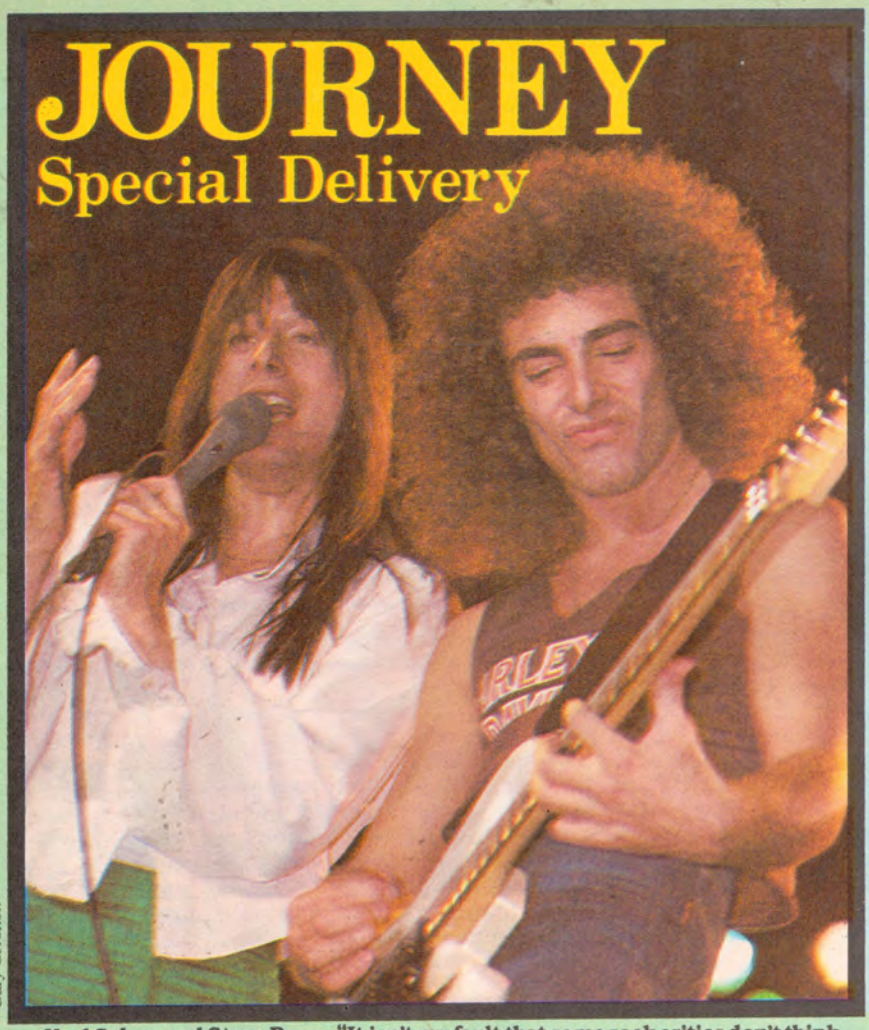
RP: Basically Jimmy and I just fancied going somewhere to have a break. He'd been working really hard on the **Death Wish** album, and I'd been busy with mine. When we got there, I was petrified. I hadn't walked on a stage that big for ages, but it didn't take me more than a couple of seconds to remember what to do. It's an amazing experience to go out there and soak it up for about four or five minutes. And then as you walk off somebody taps you on the back and goes 'jolly good show,' and all you can do is feel your feet swivelling round at the bottom of your legs trying to lead you back out there again.□

Robert Plant: "It was extremely hard for me to even consider working with other people. I know that might sound crazy."

Sheri Lynn Behr

"I loved what I was doing before very much."

JOURNEY
Special Delivery



Gary Gershoff

Neal Schon and Steve Perry: "It isn't my fault that some rock critics don't think we're as exciting to look at as the Clash."

Superband Completes A Tale Of Many Cities.

by Andy Secher

The scene was backstage at John F. Kennedy Stadium in Philadelphia; the start of the Rolling Stones' most recent tour. Behind one of the huge painted canvases that surrounded the stage platform, Journey's Jonathan Cain casually watched the mayhem that surrounded the day's festivities. As he strolled through the hectic dressing room area, he seemed totally oblivious to the fact that his band had agreed to open for the Stones in front of 90,000 screaming Jaggerites.

At that moment, Bill Wyman, nattily attired in a lemon yellow suit, strolled by and flashed a million dollar smile in Cain's direction. Suddenly, the keyboardist's cool demeanor evaporated as his face turned the sickly color of week-old tuna casserole. "Holy shit," he mumbled to no one in particular. "We're gonna open for the Rolling Stones."

A year later, Cain looks back on that day with a mixture of joy and regret. "It was quite an experience," he admitted during a short break in Journey's current national tour. "But I think it may have been something of a mistake for us. We had the best-selling album in the country at that moment, yet we were there showing 90,000 people that we were still willing to be an opening act. We were only given 45 minutes to play, and, let's face it, a Stones crowd really isn't a Journey crowd.

"It was the thrill of a lifetime in one respect, a nightmare in another," he said with a laugh. "I couldn't believe some of the assholes who were at that show. They were yelling that Steve Perry couldn't sing like Jagger. I should hope not; Steve Perry's a trained vocalist. I'm not sure what Jagger is."

Having exorcised the Stones' 'demon' from his rock and roll soul, Cain paused as if to savor what Journey has accomplished over the last year. During that time, Cain, Perry, guitarist Neal Schon, bassist Ross Valory and drummer Steve Smith have sold over five million copies of their chart-topping album **Escape**, successfully toured the world, and completed work on a variety of solo projects. Yet, as Perry explained, Journey's learned to take their accomplishments in stride.

"It's not like success has come overnight for us," the dark-haired singer said. "We've worked damn hard to get where we are today. Some bands can crank out an album in a couple of weeks then tour for a month and take the rest of the year off. Sometimes I wish we were like that," he joked, "but we've based our success on working harder than just about anybody else. The type of music we do is rather complex at times, and it can be difficult to write and record. The only thing that really concerns us, though, is making the best music we can. That's why we'll never let anybody rush us to produce an album before we feel we're ready. One of the benefits of success is that you can be your own boss."

The facts seem to support Perry's claim that Journey will never be strong-armed into completing a new record. It's now been well over a year since the release of **Escape**, yet the boys from 'Frisco have only recently returned to the recording studio.

"We're playin' it cool," Cain said. "The last album's still doing pretty well on the charts, and we've enjoyed life on the road. That's not to say that we haven't been thinking about new material. We may just take our time and not have anything new out before next spring.

"We've been kicking around a few new ideas, but nothing's been set yet," he continued. "One thing for sure is that we want to write songs that are more beat oriented. I don't mean that we want to make the next album louder. It's just not gonna have as many ballads. Songs like *Who's Crying Now* served a purpose for us. We felt that we had a void in our live set before, so we agreed to record a few ballads to fill that void. Now we want to concentrate on more uptempo songs that will get everyone's feet moving.

"I'm very happy to get back in the studio with Journey. I think we can make very good use of the experiences we've had playing live on this tour, as well as the

experiences we've had on our solo projects."

The solo projects that Cain alluded to include Schon's second collaboration with keyboard-whiz Jan Hammer, as well as planned efforts from both Smith and Perry, and an album that features Cain's wife Tane (pronounced Tah-nee). "The two Steves are thinking about opening up a kosher deli in Fresno," Cain joked. "Perry's convinced that sour pickles will strengthen his singing voice.

"The project with my wife is very exciting," he continued. "It's called **Vertigo**, and I co-produced it with Keith Olsen (noted for his work with the Babys and Rick Springfield, among others). We used Springfield's touring band, and everything turned out remarkably well. I was able to play a lot more synthesizer than I do with Journey, and it displayed another side of my musical personality. It's a lot more experimental than we'd ever think of being in Journey, but that's the fun of solo work."

"I take an entirely different view of my solo work than my work with Journey," Neal Schon chimed in. "When I work with Jan, I feel totally free of the restrictions that are naturally part of any band. There is a 'Journey Sound,' and a more fusion-oriented style just wouldn't fit in with that sound. The solo projects are very beneficial in that they allow us to really show what we can do musically."

Another of the benefits of Journey's solo projects is that they've helped establish the band's individual personalities. Throughout their decade-long career, the group's operating philosophy has always been to "make the band more important than its members," according to Schon. Their detractors have picked up on this, taking every opportunity to declare that Journey is rock's most "faceless" band. As Jonathan Cain was quick to point out, however, "there are worse things in the world than being 'faceless.'

"Steve Perry's a trained vocalist. I'm not sure what Jagger is."

"Sure the solo albums will help make our identities more distinguishable," he admitted, "but that wasn't even a consideration for any of us. We're all very happy with the way things have been going for Journey over the last couple of years, and wouldn't do anything to change it. Our solo projects are really diametrically opposed to what we do in Journey. They're not intended to be an extension of the band. My wife's album is not gonna have a day-glo sticker on it proclaiming 'her husband's in Journey'," he laughed. "**Vertigo** is one side of my personality, Journey is another."

"I really don't understand all this talk about 'faceless' anyhow," Steve Perry added. "It isn't my fault that some rock critics don't think we're as exciting to look at as the Clash. That's their hang-up, not mine. Obviously, there are millions of people around the world who not only know who we are but who also appreciate the music we produce. That's the most important thing. We've kind'a been lumped with what I call the 'American Bands' like Styx and REO, and just because we don't have a Robert Plant or a Jagger, people say we don't have an identity. Rock and roll isn't a personality contest, it's music, and I'd match our music against anybody's."

With international sales for their last two albums recently surpassing the 10 million-unit plateau, Journey can certainly match their success against that of any other band in the world. They've recently completed an extensive tour of the Orient which Cain labeled as, "one of the most successful tours we've ever had." Now they've set their sights on two remaining pockets of resistance — Europe and Australia.

"I'd really like to see us break on the Continent and in Australia," Cain said. "Those are about the only places in the world where we're not very successful. The last album really broke things open for us in Canada and Japan, so now we've set our sights elsewhere. I don't see why we shouldn't be just as popular in Europe as we are here. But it's healthy for us to have places where we still aren't successful," he laughed. "With Journey, we'll always be looking for new worlds to conquer."□

Roger Ressmeyer

Journey, clockwise from bottom left: Jonathan Cain, Ross Valory, Steve Smith, Neal Schon, Steve Perry.

EDDIE MONEY

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN

Out Of Hell, Back To Paradise

by Eliot Sekuler

Eddie Money calls it "the accident," and now — a year later — he can laugh about it. With his latest album, **No Control**, he's back on his feet and hitting the road after a conspicuous absence and a long, painful convalescence.

As rock and roll careers go, Eddie Money had come up fast. His very first album scored two big hits on the charts, *Two Tickets To Paradise* and *Baby Hold On*. By the time of the "accident," the former New York City cop had enjoyed a string of three top-selling albums and had become a formidable concert attraction. The future was looking rosy until a night of hard partying ended with the ingestion of some bad barbiturates.

It was an accident, he insists convincingly: "I hate that stuff; it was a case of pharmaceutical mistaken identity." Suddenly, it was hospitals and wheelchairs for Eddie, his career postponed and his future cloudy. "The whole world fell apart," he says.

"I didn't know what was happening," recalls Eddie, his tone lacking any trace of exaggeration. "I didn't know if I was ever going to walk again, but I never felt any self-pity. As soon as I could hobble, I'd make my way over to the piano with one of those walkers that you see old ladies using and I started writing a new bunch of tunes right away. Some friends worked them out on a four-track recorder I've got in my house. I'd really messed things up, but at least I had some good things to write about.

"It took me a year to make this record," he figures, "but I'm alive. I'm still here and still doing what I love to do.

"This record has more of me in it than anything else I've ever done," Eddie continues. "When you've gone through the kind of thing I went through back then, you realize what's really important in your life."

Musically Eddie Money has developed into a vocal stylist, with his phrasing more unique and his music more adventurous. "I have a unique voice," he says, "and it's really apparent on this album. When people hear me on the radio, they know right away that it's Eddie Money."

Although the material on **No Control** is in part a reflection of his recent experiences, the themes in Eddie Money's songs can relate to everybody. "I write about the essential things in life," says Eddie, "the kinds of things that relate to American youth, like joyriding, girls, cars that don't work too well and everything else that kids get involved with. The accident helped my writing in a way; I had to reach back into my soul and remember the things that used to really move me."

If he'd have been brought up back in the '30s, chances are that Eddie Money — aka Eddie Mahoney — would have been a prizefighter instead of a rock singer. He could well have been some middleweight pug slugging out his working class hero fantasies, as he seesawed between spartan physical fitness and fuzzy hangovers brought on by beer, booze and broad-filled binges. Eddie might have had to watch his weight a little more closely, but he would still have had a helluva good time.

Eddie Money basks in his working class image, a stance that comes off naturally, without a hint of pretense. "I was an Irish kid brought up in an Italian neighborhood," he explains. Raised in the Long Island suburbs and professionally launched from the bars and beer-joints of the San Francisco Bay area, Eddie Money wants the world to know he was born in Brooklyn. Only a Brooklyn kid would refer to himself as E.F.M.

"That's Eddie Fucking Money, man," he says matter-of-factly.□

Eddie Money: "I didn't know if I was ever going to walk again."

RICK JAMES

Anything Goes

Must Be Seen To Be Believed.

by Charley Crespo

Just as the 1982 Rick James world concert tour was about to get underway, the hottest name in contemporary music began recalling highlights of the previous tour.

"We went to some places last year where all the police in town, the mayor, everybody was just waiting for me to light up a joint," Rick James said, beginning a string of stories simultaneously, all demonstrating his controversial defiance of authorities.

"They said the minute that he lit up a joint, they were going to arrest him," attested one of his assistants.

"In a lot of these southern towns they knew that I was getting high on stage and saying 'fuck Ronald Reagan, Ronald Reagan is full of shit'," James continued. "I'd say, 'if you don't know how to clap, take your left hand and hold it in the air; now pretend it's Ronald Reagan, take your right hand and smack the shit out of it.' You heard claps like you never heard before."

Rick James is living it up these days. Last year, his tour was the biggest in the U.S. next to the Rolling Stones, selling out major sports arenas everywhere. While most of his followers are blacks, he insists that he is a rock star — the first black rock star since Jimi Hendrix and Sly Stone. And while he bitched about all the rock radio stations that wouldn't play his records, white audiences were discovering his music by themselves. Even the Rolling Stones played his *Super Freak* during intermission at every show.

Towards the end of his tour, James found that his audiences were finally getting, well, whiter. Yet he knew all about the obstacles. He said he knew that parents in Montana and Wyoming would rather find a poster of Andy Gibb on their kid's wall; making Rick James a rock star could be too threatening. Rick James' music and persona are all about standing on the edge of something unsettling.

Robert A. Matheu

Adam Ant and Rick James: "They knew that I was getting high onstage."

"We went into Memphis and broke Elvis Presley's attendance record," said the assistant. "The first thing Rick said was this ain't no Goddamn Elvis Presley up here."

"I said, 'I went to Elvis' house today'," James said slowly, calmly, then yelled, "and the motherfucker wasn't home."

James' devil-may-care attitude on stage has distinguished him from most other black superstars. Not only is his music charged with an extreme quality, his major production on stage about sex, getting high and having a carefree good time makes him the most provocative entertainer today. As if his message wasn't aggressive enough, he emphasizes everything with swearing and often calls for audience approval.

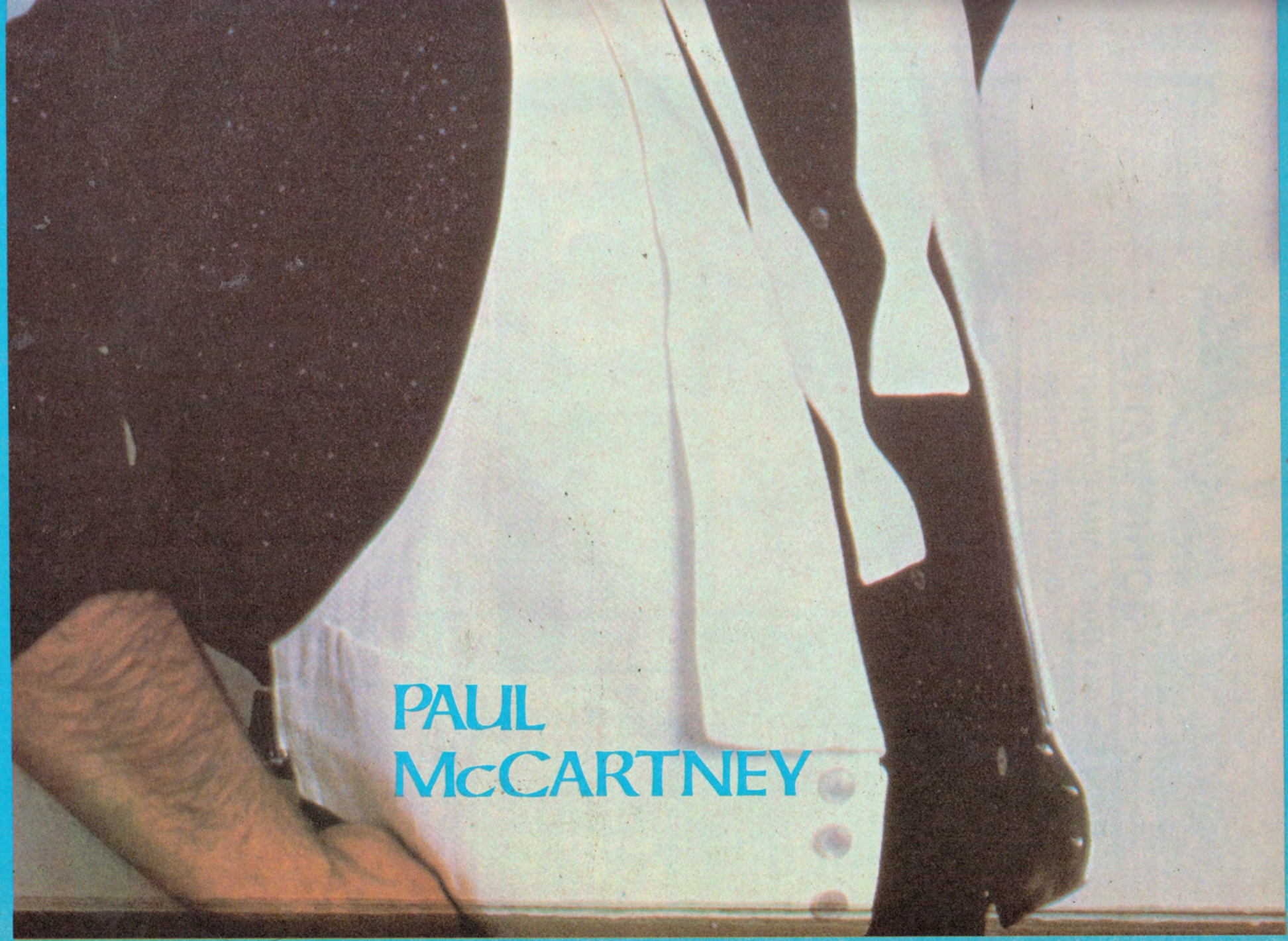
"My life was threatened," James told **Hit Parader**. "All these white KKK types left notes that they were going to shoot me in Memphis, because I had sold out the show. We're the only act to ever break Elvis' record down there. Even white groups couldn't do it. The KKK types saw this Negroid with braids and they didn't like that."

James began to parody in a slow hillbilly drawl: " 'And there's a bunch of white people in this group, too? Goddamn it, boy, you got a lot of nerve coming down here fuckin' walking on the Goddamn stage, smoking marijuana, kissing white women. You think you can get away with that Goddamn shit? We'll straighten you out by the dick, boy.' "

There's bound to be even more trouble this year, because whether the rednecks like it or not, he's making further inroads into white rock audiences. His **Throwin' Down** LP looks like it will sell as well as his multi-platinum **Street Songs** album of last year, even if rock radio continues to ignore his music.

"It's what I been telling you," James said. "It's funk and roll. It can't miss."□

HIT PARADER


PAUL
McCARTNEY

Pick Hit

JOHN WAITE

Baby Leaves Home And Conquers Growing Pains.

by Charley Crespo

"Last year was so hectic that I just decided I was going to spend some time being laid back and quiet," John Waite said, leaning forward to put his elbows on his knees. His hands tug a Keith Richards-type scarf back and forth around his jacket collar. "I was offered a screenplay, but I wanted to get back to England so bad that I said, 'no.' I wouldn't even wait three hours to do it. I had to get out; it was intense. But I feel really good right now."

After three therapeutic months of hanging out and playing guitar in the English countryside, the British-born singer returned to his adopted home of New York City in time to see the release of his debut solo album, **Ignition**. The album, which took two months to record, but a year to piece together, was getting considerable radio action, and his record company seemed to think it had a promising young talent in the pale-faced, red-headed former leader of the Babys.

"It was a cop killer," he said in his thick brogue of the film part offered him. "The movie was about a rich young kid gone wrong. It sounds like me, but I'm not really rich. Yet, it was a good part.

"If you're going to act, you've got to take it seriously because it's a real craft," he theorized. "If you can't do it 1000% you shouldn't do it; it's too serious. If I ever do anything that's really visual, like movies, I want to apply myself. I don't regret not doing it. I was just very tired; I was emotionally spent."

And so the former teen idol turned himself to music. The Babys had seen some success in its five years together, scoring hits with *Isn't It Time, Turn And Walk Away* and *Everytime I Think Of You.* Because of its name, however, the group couldn't really break away from the teen scene. John Waite quit the band late in 1980 and a short time later moved to New York, where he ultimately wound up renting a small apartment — or "shoebox" as he calls it — on the Upper West Side.

John Waite: "I lost interest in doing anything."

While he frequented all the late night hot spots, he shied from public performances, save for a party at Trax one night. He methodically put together a band with New York musicians, signed a record and management deal, and turned on the **Ignition**.

"I lost interest in doing anything," he said of the post-Babys period. "I was sick of playing. I'd been doing the same songs for five years, and I didn't particularly like it. So I went back to England and spent three months away from everybody and everything. It gave me a chance to think about it and get it together.

"Suddenly, I had to come back and do an album. I was convinced — there was no question — but I didn't arrive at that decision until two months time in England. I became restless, desperately restless. I wanted to keep on making music and if that meant joining a band, I'd do that. I wasn't thinking about going solo; as a musician, I don't really plan all that stuff out. I just wanted to make an album."

Although he had many surplus songs from his Babys' days, Waite elected to use all new material. He found a soul mate and rhythm guitarist in Ivan Kral, who'd worked previously with Iggy Pop and the Patti Smith Group. Together they wrote four of the songs. Waite wrote or co-wrote three others, covered three more tunes, and **Ignition** was ready to roll.

"I don't do anything I don't want to do," Waite summarized. "When I do something, I go for it. I like to do something that's genuine. I like to do something that reflects who I am. In my life, I want to be as honest as I can — musically and as a person. Hence, a solo album."□

Shooting Stars

by Charley Crespo

Pete Shelley

Homosapien, the title track from Pete Shelley's debut solo album, was a smash in rock dance clubs months ago, and has just finally become available in album form here. That track and two U.S. club tours have given the young native of Lancashire, England more visibility here than all his years with the Buzzcocks, a now-defunct new wave band that never made it beyond cult status here, despite many international hits.

Pete Shelley first picked up the guitar in 1970, and only three years later formed his first working band, the Jets of Air, which played around his hometown. During the summer of 1976, Shelley met Howard Devoto via a want ad for musicians, and together they formed the Buzzcocks after only a few rehearsals.

That group had a string of hits in England and opened concerts for the Sex Pistols, the Clash and other top punk and new wave groups before making it on its own. Last year, Shelley left the band when proposed recording sessions simply were not working out to his satisfaction. His new solo career is something different, still pop-oriented, but with a synthesizer at its core rather than other musicians. **Homosapien** is only the beginning.□

Missing Persons

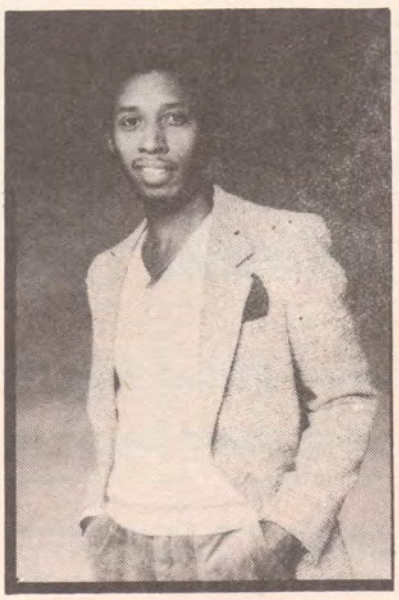
Following a well-received self-entitled EP last spring, Missing Persons has gone from just a taste of the bizarre to an all-out effort. Dale Bozzio, a former model and Playboy bunny, is this group's striking frontperson. Don't get too close, however; her husband, drummer Terry Bozzio, is stationed nearby. Guitarist Warren Cucurullo, fills out the fold. All three are alumni of Frank Zappa bands, and as an offshoot, have incorporated Zappa's rhythmic intricacies and quirky syncopations into their own compositions.□

Jeffrey Osborne

"Leaving L.T.D. was very tough," says Jeffrey Osborne, the group's former lead singer. "I grew to love everyone connected with the band; we were close like family. It was a valuable experience to work with nine individuals of that caliber."

Although his name was not promoted, Jeffrey Osborne was L.T.D.'s lead singer and front man for 10 years, singing all the group's hits including *Back In Love Again* some years ago. The 34-year-old Providence-born singer said he finally left the 10-piece band because he didn't feel he could ever get credit for his contributions due to the band's strictly democratic policy. He also objected to L.T.D.'s liberty to alter any song he brought into the fold. Now that he has total artistic control over his projects, he's back on Top 40 radio with *I Really Don't Need No Light*, the first single from his self-titled debut album.

"I didn't leave L.T.D. to become a star," Osborne notes. "Becoming a star is not important, but being happy is, and I couldn't be happy with them."□



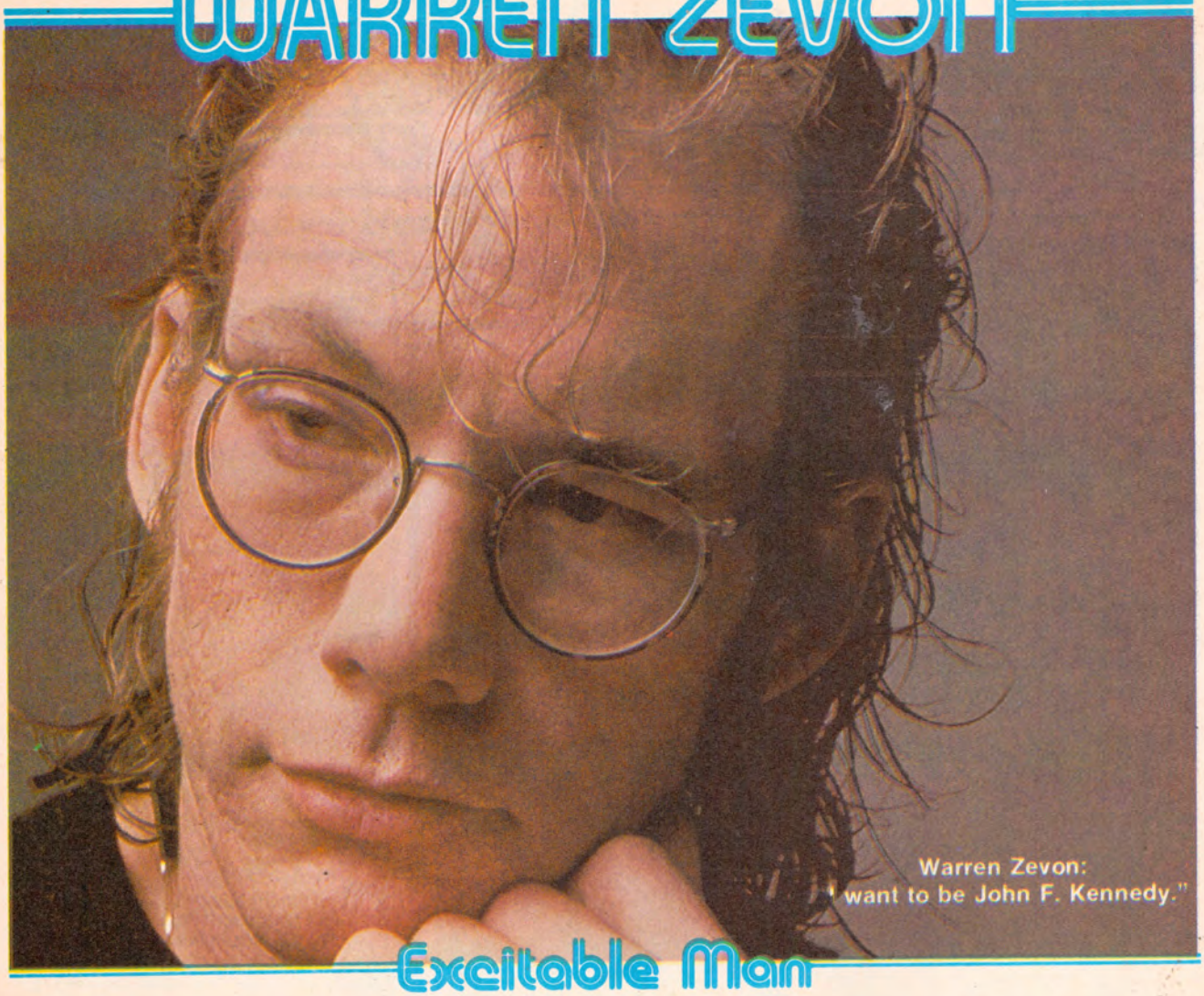
Axe

Vocalist/lead guitarist Bobby Barth, rhythm guitarist Michael Osborne, bassist Wayne Haner, keyboardist Edgar Riley and drummer Ted Mueller haven't had too many good breaks. Barth and Osborne got nowhere fast playing in bands like Canary and Wakefield on the Colorado bar circuit. They met Riley and Milwaukee-born Mueller in Los Angeles, formed a band called Baby Face and relocated in Wisconsin. It wasn't until the group split up, reformed and relocated in Gainesville, Florida that things started to look up.

Instead of working the area's club scene, the new band moved into a converted warehouse and made demo tapes designed to impress the record companies. The group became Axe in 1978, and began working as a live band again. The hard-rockers are finally getting some national attention with its third album, **Offering**.

"Rock and roll is what's happening again," says Barth, "and we plan on being a part of that happening."□

WARREN ZEVON



Warren Zevon:
"I want to be John F. Kennedy."

Excitable Man

Rocker Leaves Liquor-Filled Life Of Illusion Behind.

by David Gans

Not too long ago, Warren Zevon couldn't deal with the need to solve his own problems, let alone those of the rest of the world. But it's been a couple of good, healthy years since he kicked a vodka habit that peaked at two quarts a day, and now he's shouting "send for me!" at the end of the title track to his new album, **The Envoy.**

Warren says he doesn't *really* want to be summoned to the Middle East to iron things out, but "as autumn falls fast on my life, the least I can do is play James Fucking Bond once in my career!" He laughs and adds, "I'm always telling my girlfriend (actress Kim Lankford) that I want to be John F. Kennedy — that's the nature of my generation. She thinks I'm kidding."

> Nuclear arms in the Middle East
> Israel's attacking the Iraqis
> The Syrians are mad at the Lebanese
> And Baghdad does whatever she please
> Looks like another threat to world peace
> For the Envoy
>
> — *The Envoy,** by Warren Zevon

"How old is she?" I ask the 36-year-old songwriter, who's looking very trim, young and healthy in a grey suit and longish, wild blond hair. "Too young to understand, I guess," he shoots back dryly.

The Envoy was originally an idea that Warren and his martial-arts instructor, Aaron Norris, had for a Kung Fu movie in which they'd both appear. "We got pretty far with the idea," he says, "but Aaron's had a busy year, so I wrote the song. As soon as it was finished, I realized that the idea was highly unsuitable for any movie with the same title — but I did get the song out of the deal."

The cuts on **The Envoy** are, for the most part, gentler in tone than those on his other four albums. The machine guns and other symbols of physical and psychic violence that have pervaded his writing in the past have subsided somewhat, but Warren is reluctant to connect the change to his newfound sobriety. "I don't believe that you can get any kind of inspiration from chemicals," he says. "I wrote in spite of being a rummy, not because of it.

"It's an important sub-

* Lyrics: Copyright ©1982 by Zevon Music.

Susan Phillips/LGI

"I'd rather feel bad than not feel anything at all."

ject, though," he adds. "I've noticed that my songs *have* changed. It may just be that the years have mellowed me, and I've exhausted whatever strange fascination I had with the images of guns. But all the most important things in life are so much better now that I'm not doped up in any sense — love, children, making love, making records, getting on stage in front of people. Because I've been more open to human experiences, I've written some love songs for this record — and yeah, they're about the person that I live with and love.

"For a while I thought, 'Aw, shit, this song has none of the characteristics of my style — what I might shallowly think people expect from me — but it's still what I had to write, just like I *had* to put that pistol on that plate (on the inner sleeve of **Excitable Boy**). All I can do is follow the pictures in my mind."

This is not to suggest that Warren Zevon, author of such gonzo masterpieces as *I'll Sleep When I'm Dead, Lawyers, Guns and Money, Werewolves of London*, and *Poor, Poor Pitiful Me*, has gone completely soft on us. **The Envoy** has its tender moments, all right — *Never Too Late for Love*, and a sweet song in which his mother advises him and his love to *"Let Nothing Come Between You"* — but there are episodes of characteristically Zevonian violence. In *Ain't That Pretty At All* he sings, "I'm gonna hurl myself against the wall/'Cause I'd rather feel bad than not feel anything at all."

The song came from a conversation between Warren and his friend and collaborator, Roy Marinell. "Roy was describing the audience at a Rossington-Collins show he'd been to," says Warren. "He said that although they were all very healthy-looking people, the feeling of potential violence was the highest of any place he'd ever been. But he said that was *okay* with everyone there.

"**A Clockwork Orange** wasn't quite right," he continues. "They didn't take baseball bats to each other as much as they did to themselves. Roy saw one fellow take a nine-foot run and throw himself at the wall, make this kind of visceral scrunching sound, scrunching sound, slide to slide to the floor, look up and snarl, hunker back eight feet and do it again.

"People went by, watching. It wasn't as though they were giving him approval as much as just accepting it. We were pretty shocked by this idea, and that's where the song came from."

Zevon and Marinell's portrait — which breathes sickening life into the heavy-metal cliche "headbanging music" — relates somewhat to Warren's own lifetime of self-destructive behavior. His heroes in literature were the kind of men who put forth the proposition that you have to live hard to have anything worth writing about.

"Hemingway said, 'You must only write what you know,' " says Warren. "I also came under the influence of Norman Mailer who tells us that he'll stay the greatest living novelist until someone knocks his block off, and he's written very little to prove it.

"The big literary drinking trap is when self-destructiveness becomes a virtue. I felt that it was cheating if I wasn't running all this past my own liver before I performed it. It appeared to me that I was living a more exciting life — taking bigger chances, doing wild and crazy things. What it really meant, though, was that I was oblivious to the natural dangers of the situations I was putting myself in."

The turnaround for Warren came when he finally realized that his closest friends and most admired associates — including his then-wife Crystal, guitarist Waddy Wachtel, novelist Ross MacDonald, Jackson Browne, Bruce Springsteen, and others — wouldn't accept his behavior anymore. "They never gave up on me, because I couldn't convince anybody who loved me that I was totally this persona — the Excitable Boy — that I was acting out," he says. "They still cared enough to confront me with it.

"I wrote in spite of being a rummy, not because of it."

"I'm happy to say I never got as far as having to get treatment involuntarily. I was never so far out of touch with my own humanity that I didn't believe in Jackson as an artist and as a person — and Springsteen, too, later on. There was no way I could pretend that they were nice guys and talented but they didn't know how it was. When no amount of drinking made that make sense to me, I got help."□

HEAVY METAL HAPPENINGS

by Andy Secher

Black Sabbath's Ronnie James Dio admits to being "extremely disappointed" by the reception given the band's last studio album, **Mob Rules**. "We thought we had really hit upon some new and exciting ideas for Sabbath," the gnomish singer says. "But I think we'll go back to the 'old' Black Sabbath sound for our next studio album. It'll be more moody and more volatile. We've come to understand that a Black Sabbath fan wants a certain kind of music, and who are we to argue with them?"

****

It seems that AC/DC can't decide whether to make their next album a live set or another studio record. "We recorded quite a few of the shows in the States and Europe," lead singer Brian Johnson reports, "but we haven't decided exactly what we want to do next. We have some really good new songs to work on, so maybe we'll see how they turn out before we make up our minds. If we don't release the live album this time, we'll surely do it next year."

****

Heart's Ann Wilson tells **Heavy Metal Happenings** that it was her admiration for Robert Plant that first got her into rock and roll. "I've always idolized him," she says. "He was the singer I always tried to model myself after. Ironically, we both have the same range," Ann jokes. "In my book he'll always be the ultimate rock and roll singer."

****

Sammy Hagar was particularly pleased by his recent show in New York City. "The last two times I played this town I barely escaped with my life. Somehow I ended up as the opening act for Kiss and for Boston, and I'll tell ya, I was booed off the stage. This time I was calling the shots, and while it may not have been the best show I've ever done, at least the people were cheering me at the end."

****

HEAVY METAL HEADSCRATCHER: In what countries were the following rock stars born: Eddie Van Halen, Freddie Mercury and Michael Schenker?

Answer to last month's headscratcher: The early '70s band that featured both AC/DC's Cliff Williams and Wishbone Ash's Laury Wisefield was Home.

****

Ritchie Blackmore comments on the **Deep Purple In Concert** album: "The record companies seem determined to keep Deep Purple alive. Personally I think the band should have been laid to rest a long time ago," says Rainbow's ace axe slinger. "It was a good band for its time, but those days are gone."

****

Apparently Blackfoot's Rick Medlocke got himself in a bit of hot water during the band's recent jaunt through jolly ol' England. He was visiting AC/DC's Brian Johnson one night when "this police officer came up to us and started rappin' about rock and roll," he says. "All of a sudden he took off his uniform and gave it to me — this dude was really a fan! Well, I didn't want to be rude so I put the uniform on and started off for town. About 10 minutes later another cop stopped me and wanted to arrest me for impersonating an officer. It took a bit of explainin' to get out of that one."

Ted Nugent and Sammy Hagar, who told us that the last time he played New York, "I barely escaped with my life."

Iron Maiden's Bruce Dickinson admits that strange things have been happening to the band since the release of their album, **The Number of the Beast**. "I've begun to wonder if we're not in need of the exorcist," he says. "During the tour we've had equipment disappear from locked rooms, our amps blow up at the most inopportune times, and mysterious things happen at the hotel. They're probably all explainable things, but when you have an album out about battling with the devil, anything's possible."

****

Due to his rather unpredictable behavior, Ozzy Osbourne was banned from performing in Boston recently. "We just won't sanction someone who acts in such a manner," a city spokesman said.

"They wouldn't know rock and roll if it came up and bit them on their arse," Ozzy responded.

****

For anyone wanting to get in touch with the boys in Krokus, drop them a note at: P.O. Box 703, Floral Park, NY 11002. Vocalist Marc Storace demands that all letters for him be written in orange crayon. Orange makes his long stick go boom.

****

Keep those cards and letters coming!! We've been overwhelmed by your response to **Heavy Metal Happenings**, and hope that you'll keep letting us know who and what you want to hear about. Drop me a note at: **Heavy Metal Happenings**, c/o **Hit Parader**, Charlton Bldg., Derby, CT 06418.

Rock'n'Roll Hit Parade

compiled by Bob Grossweiner

Each month *Hit Parader* features the all-time favorite recordings from the turntables of today's most popular artists. This month we are proud to present Brian Johnson, Kim McAuliffe and Bruce Dickinson.

BRIAN JOHNSON, lead vocalist, AC/DC

1. **The Best of the Animals**, the Animals
2. **The Kinks' Greatest Hits**, the Kinks
3. **Abbey Road**, the Beatles
4. **Led Zeppelin**, Led Zeppelin
5. **Tres Hombres**, ZZ Top
6. **Mad Dogs & Englishmen**, Joe Cocker
7. **The Paul Butterfield Blues Band**, the Paul Butterfield Blues Band
8. **Blues Breakers**, John Mayall with Eric Clapton
9. **Revolver**, the Beatles
10. **The Rolling Stones**, the Rolling Stones

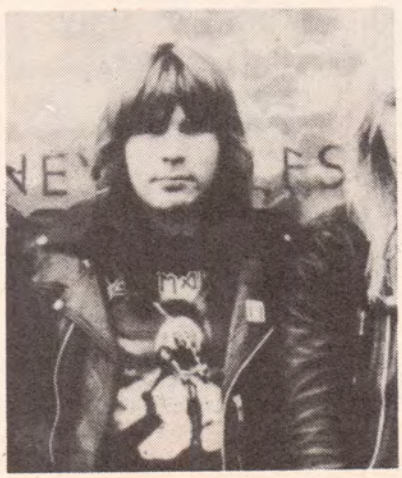
Chris Walter

KIM McAULIFFE, rhythm guitarist, vocalist, Girlschool

1. **Scary Monsters**, David Bowie
2. **Led Zeppelin II**, Led Zeppelin
3. **Houses of the Holy**, Led Zeppelin
4. **Van Halen**, Van Halen
5. **The Idiot**, Iggy Pop
6. **No Sleep 'Til Hammersmith**, Motorhead
7. **Best of the Doors**, The Doors
8. **Dare**, the Human League
9. **Exile on Main Street**, the Rolling Stones
10. **Lodger**, David Bowie

BRUCE DICKINSON, vocalist, Iron Maiden

1. **Made in Japan**, Deep Purple
2. **Highway to Hell**, AC/DC
3. **Deep Purple in Rock**, Deep Purple
4. **Rainbow Rising**, Blackmore's Rainbow
5. **Heaven and Hell**, Black Sabbath
6. **Mr. Universe**, (British import), Gillan
7. **Aqualung**, Jethro Tull
8. **Black Sabbath**, Black Sabbath
9. **The Free Story** (British import), Free
10. **Pawn Hearts**, Van Der Graaf Generator



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Sports Challenge

This month:
KIM WILDE

by Ellen Zoe Golden

The *Hit Parader* staff issues this challenge: We dare the rock stars to take us on in sports competition. Various events include pinball, ping pong and pool. Other sports will be considered, including mud wrestling (with the proper party, of course). Results will be announced in these pages.

When **Hit Parader** first suggested to Kim Wilde that we throw a few bowling balls down the alley, we thought we had it made. Who would have guessed that the 20-year-old international pop star was a bowling champ when she attended high school in England. After all, Kim looks pretty innocent on the cover of her self-titled American debut album.

Needless to say, **Hit Parader** was not prepared for the tough challenge that lay ahead on the lanes of New York's Bowlmor, a popular bowling and rock club in Greenwich Village. Since the male staff members of **Hit Parader** can't even lift a bowling ball — much less throw one — our powerful female Managing Editor was sent to handle the task.

"You can just accept the fact that you are going to get a thrashing," Kim told us as the cab headed into the Village. "I'd rather go shopping down here, so why don't we just go through the motions? Do you want to decide the score now?"

"Hell, no!" we answered as we climbed the stairs to the lanes. And so, the competition began.

The game started slowly with Kim getting two spares, while we wimped out with eight pins down, then seven.

"I warned you," Kim said early on in the game.

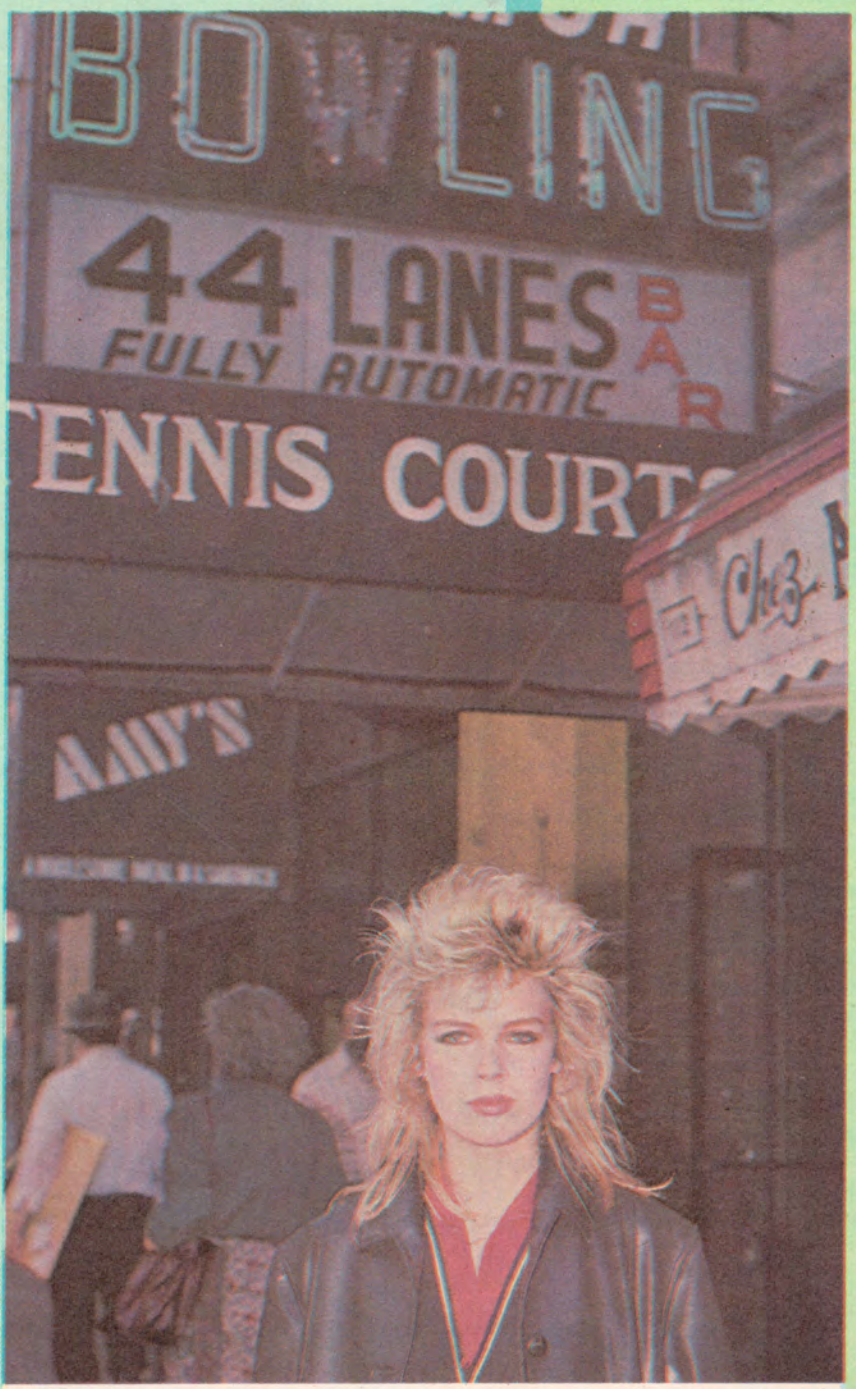
Our healthy editor got angry, however, and took the lead during an inspired middle game.

Going into the 10th and final frame, the score stood: **Hit Parader** 141, **Kim Wilde,** 132. We secured a spare, then a strike — perfectly content to call it a win with our final tally.

"It's not over yet," Kim warned, after scoring a strike that earned her two extra balls. The tension grew, but Wilde met the threat heroically with two more strikes.

The final score: **Hit Parader** 161, **Kim Wilde** 162.

"Now can we go shopping?" Kim asked, grinning as she shook our hand.□



Laurie Paladino

Kim Wilde: "You can just accept the fact that you are going to get a thrashing."

TOTO
No Dodo

Los Angeles Pros Are Flying High.

by Bob Grossweiner

Toto, from left: Mike Porcaro, Jeff Porcaro, Bobby Kimball, Steve Porcaro, Steve Lukather, David Paich.

"Tom Scott was playing sax over in Japan. He came back and said that Toto was very big over there," relates Toto's keyboardist David Paich. "We asked him, 'In what way?' and he had all these pictures of rest rooms."

Little did the sextet know that when they chose the name Toto it would have different meanings around the world. "We were looking for the simplest word and an easy one to remember," offers the bearded Paich.

"Jeffrey Porcaro, our drummer, saw the **Wizard of Oz** and mentioned Toto, the dog," continues Paich. "Since we were looking for an unusual word that was ambiguous, we decided on Toto.

"In Swahili," he continues, "Toto means little boy. In Europe, it's a betting term. There's a sad sack cartoon character named Toto in Italy. In Latin, it means everything or all. And in Japan, it's the name of a Japanese porcelain bathroom fixture corporation, and it's in big letters on every toilet in Japan. So I always tell people that we have to deal with a lot of assholes in Japan."

"They say, 'ah, piss on Toto'," interjects moustachioed lead singer Bobby Kimball.

Toto are able to laugh once again. After their double-platinum, self-titled debut album, their record sales gradually decreased with **Hydra** going gold and **Turn Back** barely missing that gilded plateau. Now with their chart-topping hit *Rosanna*, **Toto IV** has quickly surpassed gold on its way to platinum.

"This was a crucial album for the group," notes Paich. "To have two unsuccessful LPs in a row is two strikes, and we hate to tour without a successful album."

"By an unsuccessful album," clarifies Kimball, "he's talking about **Turn Back**, which sold 900,000 copies worldwide, but only half that amount in the United States."

"We wanted to try for a hit," states Paich, who composed *Rosanna* and Toto's first smash *Hold the Line* from their premier album, "but we knew if we took our time, it would come naturally. *Rosanna* is about several relationships I've had. I'm sure everyone has had a Rosanna out there.

"No matter how analytical, structural or calculated Toto sounds," insists Paich, "it comes naturally, from the heart. We really aren't trying to make hit records; we're just making music. Of course, when you get down to the record-making process today, there is no one on the charts who is not trying to calculate the pulse of the record-buying public."

Paich, Jeff Porcaro, and keyboardist Steve Porcaro started playing together in grade school 14 years ago. Guitarist Steve Lukather teamed up with them three years later, and then seven years ago, New Orleans-born Kimball — who was part of an early edition of Louisiana LeRoux — joined the band. A third Porcaro brother, Mike, replaced bassist David Hungate in time for **IV**.

Individually and in various combinations, the members of Toto have done sessions for Steely Dan, Earth, Wind & Fire, Cheap Trick, Elton John, Pink Floyd, Boz Scaggs, and scores of others. Paich, Lukather, and Jeffrey Porcaro played on Donna Summer's LP, which included a session with Bruce Springsteen leaping in the air from excitement while playing guitar on his *Protection*. They also performed on Michael Jackson's forthcoming LP, including *(Doggone Girl) She's Mine*, Jackson's duet with Paul McCartney, produced by Quincy Jones.

"It was incredible!" exclaims Paich. "It was like a dream. I was spaced out just being there and having McCartney ask me to count off a tune he wrote. I was doing my professional gig in there arranging the song."

Toto may very well be professionals, but they haven't lost their sense of humor. When asked if they would mind this article being titled, "Toto Are No Dodos," the response was hilarious:

"I like dodo birds," states Paich. "I'm into them because they're not happening."

"It's pronounced doo-doo," laughs Kimball. "Toto is not doo-doo!"

"It cracks me up," continues Paich, "because we're not extinct. We're happening. It's like learn to love your headache."□

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KEEP THE FIRE BURNIN'

(As recorded by REO Speedwagon)

KEVIN CRONIN

Keep the fire burnin'
Let it keep us warm
The world will keep on turnin'
Let it turn you on
And let us not stop learnin'
We can help one another be strong
Let us never lose our yearnin'
To keep the fire burnin' all night long.

You've been changin' so much
I'm not sure you're in touch with what's real
You just come and you go
Never letting me know how you feel
And I'm livin' here in doubt
There's so much to talk about
I know that we can work it out.

We can keep the fire burnin'
Let it keep us warm
The world will keep on turnin'
Let it turn you on
And let us not stop learnin'
We can help one another be strong
Let us never lose our yearnin'
To keep the fire burnin' all night long.

We've been thru this enough
It gets rough but there's nowhere to run
This is where we belong
We are strong we can never give up
If we wanted to we could
But we've always understood
To keep lookin' for the good.

Ooh keep the fire burnin'
Let it keep us warm
The world will keep on turnin'
Let it turn you on
And let us not stop learnin'
We can help one another be strong
Let us never lose our yearnin'
To keep the fire burnin'.
(Repeat)

Keep the fire burnin'
Keep the fire burnin'
Keep the fire burnin'
Keep the fire burnin'.

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FOOLIN' YOURSELF

(As recorded by Aldo Nova)

ALDO NOVA

I saw you walk down the street with somebody new
It's funny people I meet they talk about me and you
But who's to blame for our being apart
Or is it me
Or is it you
And whoever say that you're still in my heart
'Cause now really the best I can do.

Is say so long
It's sad to say
But you're only foolin' yourself
So long
I'm glad you're happy that way
But you're only foolin' yourself
(You're foolin' yourself).

It's funny I couldn't see
The change you went through
All the new friends that you'd meet
And the places they took you to
And all you could say
You would say "they're just friends"
And you'd laugh in my face 'cause you know
And I'd never know where you'd been late at night
So now really the best I can do.

Is say so long
It's sad to say
But you're only foolin' yourself
So long
I'm glad you're happy that way
But you're only foolin' yourself
(You're foolin' yourself).

So now you walk down the street with somebody new
It's funny people I meet
They don't talk about me and you no more
But who was to blame for our bein' apart
Was it me or was it you
And who would've said that you were in my heart
'Cause now really the best I can do.
(Repeat chorus)

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(As recorded by Daryl Hall and John Oates)

DARYL HALL

I remember when I used to be the jealous kind
I got over it
Now you're taking over my old line.

You're caring too much about what I say
You're wondering too much about what I do
And baby your imagination now
Imagination's got the best of you.

I ain't doin' nothing
That you couldn't say was wrong
Just one oversight
And no that didn't last too long.

You're caring too much about what I say
You're wondering too much about what I do
And baby your imagination now
Imagination's got the best of you.

Don't know what you're looking for
What's this thing all about "true love"
You know I ain't no danger boy
'Cause you're the one I like to touch, touch you, you, you, you.

Yeah when the mood is right
Change the light
And the moment's gone
You better turn around
'Cause the light doesn't last too long.

You're caring too much about what I say
You're wondering too much about what I do
And baby your imagination now
Imagination's got the best of you.

Your imagination
Your imagination
Oh baby your imagination
Baby your imagination.

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YOU SHOULD HEAR HOW SHE TALKS ABOUT YOU

(As recorded by Melissa Manchester)

TOM SNOW
DEAN PITCHFORD

She's so very nice
You should break the ice
Let her know that she's on your mind
What-cha tryin' to hide
When you know inside
She's the best thing you'll ever find
Oh can't you see it
Don't you think she's feeling the same
Oh I guarantee it
She's the one who's calling your name.

You should hear how she talks about you
You should hear what she said
She says she would be lost without you
She's half out of her head
(Out of her head)
You should hear how she talks about you
She just can't get enough
She says she would be lost without you
She is really in love.

Spoken:
She's in love with you boy.

I ain't telling tales
Anybody else could repeat
The things that I've heard (heard)
She's been talking sweet
And it's on the street
How the girl's been spreading the word
Oh you should hurry
You should let her know how you feel
Oh now don't you worry
If you're scared her love is for real.

Oh you should hurry
You should let her know how you feel
Oh now don't you worry
If you're scared her love is for real.
(Repeat chorus)

Talk, talk, talk, talk
See see it's me
(What you said, what you said).

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ISLAND OF LOST SOULS

(As recorded by Blondie)

CHRIS STEIN
DEBBIE HARRY

In Babylon on the boulevard of
broken dreams
My will power at the lowest ebb
Oh what can I do
Oh buccaneer
Can ya help me put my truck in gear
Can ya take me far away from here
Save my soul from sin.

You wanna get away
You've had it man
Nothing's going right
So come sit on the sands of the
island
Island of lost souls
No luxuries no no amenities
To dull your senses oh oh
Only primitive hey hey
Really get away is what he said.

Where did he go
I'm tired of waiting here for him
Where can he be
He's not with me
Where did he go
What will I do alone
Why did he run
Run away from me.

The sky is blue
The sea is warm and clear
And golden sands are calling out to
you
Inviting make a new man outta you
You can come for a while
Come with a friend
Forget about work
Start all over again
Let the real you through
Here's what we do.

Where did he go
I'm tired of waiting here for him
Where can he be
He's not with me
Where did he go
What will I do alone
Why did he run
Run away from me.

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EYE IN THE SKY

(As recorded by The Alan Parsons Project)

ERIC WOOLFSON
ALAN PARSONS

Don't think sorry's easily said
Don't try turning tables instead
You've taken lots of chances before
But I ain't gonna give anymore
Don't ask me
That's how it goes
'Cause part of me knows what you're thinking.

Don't say words you're gonna regret
Don't let the fire rush to your head
I've heard the accusation before
And I ain't gonna take anymore
Believe me
The sun in your eyes
Made some of the lies worth believing.

I am the eye in the sky
Looking at you
I can read your mind
I am the maker of rules
Dealing with fools
I can cheat you blind
And I don't need to see anymore
To know that I can read your mind
I can read your mind
I can read your mind
I can read your mind.

Don't leave false illusions behind
Don't cry I ain't changing my mind
So find another fool like before
'Cause I ain't gonna live anymore believing
Some of the lies while all of the signs are deceiving.

I am the eye in the sky
Looking at you
I can read your mind
I am the maker of rules
Dealing with fools
I can cheat you blind
And I don't need to see anymore
To know that I can read your mind
I can read your mind
I can read your mind
I can read your mind.

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RIGHT KIND OF LOVE

(As recorded by Quarterflash)

MARV ROSS

Baby your love it surrounds me
But never gives me half a chance
I need a little heart and affection
'Cause love needs a little romance
And we'll never ever make it
If you're pushin' me
You've gotta back off baby or I might leave
You've gotta show me, hold me and let love breathe tonight.

Give me the right kind of love
Oh baby give me the right kind of love
Give me the right kind of love
And I'll be yours tonight
I'll be yours.

Baby you want some kind of promise
Ah nothing is forever these days
Lovers come and go
Friends bought and sold
Ev'rything blows away
You know ev'rything's changin' baby overnight
You gotta hold on to love but not too tight
You've gotta see it, see it
It's not how long but how right.

Give me the right kind of love
Oh baby give me the right kind of love
Give me the right kind of love
And I'll be yours tonight
I'll be yours.

Just tell me that love is right
And look me in the eye
I've gotta know your heart tonight
Before I give away a piece of my life.

Oh give me the right kind of love
Baby give me the right kind of love
Give me the right kind of love
Baby give me the right kind of love
Oh give me the right kind of love
Baby give me the right kind of love.

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I ONLY WANT TO BE WITH YOU

(As recorded by Nicolette Larson)

MIKE HAWKER
IVOR RAYMONDE

I don't know what it is
That makes me love you so
I only know I never wanna let you go
'Cos you started something
Can't you see that ever since we met
You've had a hold on me.

It happens to be true
I only want to be with you.

It doesn't matter where
You go or what you do
I wanna spend each moment
Of the day with you
'Cos look what has happened
With just one kiss
I never knew that I
Could be in love like this.

It's crazy but it's true
I only want to be with you.

You stopped and smiled at me
Asked me if I cared to dance
I fell into your open arms
I didn't stand a chance
Now listen honey, I just
Wanna be beside you everywhere
As long as we're together
Honey, I don't care
'Cos you started something
Can't you see that ever since we met
You've had a hold on me.

No matter what you do
I only want to be with you.

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OUT OF WORK

(As recorded by Gary U.S. Bonds)

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Eight a.m. I'm up
And my feet's beating on the sidewalk
Down at the unemployment agency
All I get's talk
I check the "want-ads"
But there's just ain't nobody hiring
What's a man supposed to do
When he's down.

And out of work
I need a job
I'm out of work
I'm unemployed
I'm out of work
I need a job
I'm out of work.

I go to pick my girl up
Her name is Linda Brown
Her dad invites me in
He tells me to sit down
The small talk that we're makin'
Is going pretty smooth
But then he drops a bomb
"Son what do you do?"

I'm out of work
I need a job
I'm out of work
I'm unemployed
I'm out of work
I need a job
I'm out of work.

Hey mister president
I know you got good plans
You're doing all you can now
To help the little man
We got to do our best
To whip that inflation down
Maybe you got a job for me
Just driving you around
These tough times they're enough
to make a man lose his mind
Up there you got a job
But down here below.
(Repeat chorus)

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HEARTBEAT

(As recorded by King Crimson)

KING CRIMSON

I need to feel your heartbeat, heartbeat
So close feels like mine, all mine
I need to feel your heartbeat, heartbeat
So close it feels like mine, all mine
I remember the feeling
My hands in your hair
Hands in your hair
I remember the feeling
Of the rhythm we made
The rhythm we made
I need to land sometime
Right next to you
Feel your heartbeat, heartbeat
Right next to me.

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PERSONALLY

(As recorded by Karla Bonoff)

PAUL KELLY

I've been writing letters every day now
Since you've been gone
Talking to you by telephone
For what seems like a whole life long
But I've got something to give you
That the mailman can't deliver
I can't mail it in
I can't phone it in
I can't send it in
Even by your closest kin
The thing that I'm speaking of
Is a whole lot of love
A whole mess of love.

I'm bringing it to you
Personally
I'm bringing it to you
Personally.

I need your love
I want your love
I need your love
I want your love.

I'm bringing it to you
Personally.

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EVEN THE NIGHTS ARE BETTER

(As recorded by Air Supply)

J. L. WALLACE
TERRY SKINNER
KEN BELL

I, I was the lonely one
Wondering what went wrong
Why love had gone
And left me lonely
I, I was so confused
Feeling like I'd just been used
Then you came to me
And my loneliness left me.
I used to think I was tied to a heartache
That was the heartbreak
But now that I've found you.
Even the nights are better
Now that we're here together
Even the nights are better
Since I found you oh
Even the days are brighter
When someone you love's beside ya
Even the nights are better
Since I found you.
You, you knew just what to do
'Cause you had been lonely too
And you showed me how to ease the pain
And you did more than mend a broken heart
'Cause now you've made a fire start
And I, I can see
That you feel the same way.
I never dreamed there'd be someone to hold me
Until you told me
And now that I've found you.
(Repeat chorus)

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PLAY THE GAME TONIGHT

(As recorded by Kansas)

KERRY LIVGREN
PHIL EHART
RICH WILLIAMS
DANNY FLOWER
R. FRAZIER

You think that something's happening
And it's bigger than your life
But it's only what you're hearing
Will you still remember
When the morning light has come
Will the songs be playing over and over
Till you do it all over again.
Play, play the game tonight
Can you tell me if it's wrong or right
Is it worth the time
Is it worth the price
Do you see yourself in the white spotlight
Then play the game tonight.
And when the curtains open
To the roaring of the crowd
You will feel it all around you
Then it finally happens
And it's all come true for you
And the songs are playing over and over
Till you do it all over again.
Play, play the game tonight
Can you tell me if it's wrong or right
Is it worth the time
Is it worth the price
Do you see yourself in the white spotlight
Then play the game tonight.

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IF YOU WANT MY LOVE

(As recorded by Cheap Trick)

RICK NIELSEN

Ah ah ah
If you want my love you got it
When you need my love you got it
I won't hide it
I won't throw your love away oooh.
(Repeat)

Yes I thought you were a mystery girl
A special girl in this crazy old world
You couldn't see me when I laid eyes on you
Lonely is only a place
You don't know what it's like
You can't fight it
It's a hole in my heart, in my heart.

If you want my love you got it
When you need my love you got it
I won't hide it
I won't throw your love away oooh
Ah ah ah
Ah ah ah.

You hold the secrets of love in this world
I'm hypnotized by your every word
A special face, a special voice
A special smile in my life
'Cause lonely is only a place
You don't know what it's like
You can't fight it
It's a hole in my heart, in my heart.

If you want my love you got it
When you need my love you got it
I won't hide it
I won't throw your love away oooh.
(Repeat)

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STILL THEY RIDE

(As recorded by Journey)

S. PERRY
N. SCHON
J. CAIN

Jesse rides through the night
Under the Main Street light
Ridin' slow.

This ol' town ain't the same
Now nobody knows his name
Times have changed
Still he rides.

Traffic lights keepin' time
Oh leading the wild and restless
Through the night.

Still they ride
On wheels of fire
They rule the night
Still they ride
The strong will survive
Chasing thunder.

Spinning 'round in a spell
Oh it's hard to leave this carousel
'Round and 'round
And 'round and 'round.

Still they ride
On wheels of fire
They rule the night.

Still they ride
On wheels of fire
They rule the night
Still they ride.

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ONLY THE LONELY

(As recorded by the Motels)

MARTHA DAVIS

We walked the loneliest mile
We smile without any style
We kiss altogether wrong
No intention.

We lied about each others drinks
We lived without each other thinkin'
What anyone would do
Without me an' you.

It's like I told you
Only the lonely can play.

So hold on here we go
Hold on to nothin' we know
I feel so lonely
Way up here.

We mention the time we were together
So long ago well I don't remember
All I know
Is it makes me feel good now.
It's like I told you
Only the lonely can play
Only the lonely
Only the lonely can play.

Only the lonely
Only the lonely can play
It's like I told you
Only the lonely can play
Only the lonely
Only the lonely can play.

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* My husband and I WON $2,053.00!—*J.K., Pa.*
* We received $2,500.00!—*P.H., N.Y.*
* I WON $2,000.00 at BINGO!—*M.D., Wa.*
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* I got $1,060.00!—*I.C., Va.*
* I WON $600.00 at the SLOTS!—*F.B., Calif.*
* Received two checks for $684.00—*W.H., Ky.*
* I WON $500.00 in the LOTTERY!—*G.T., N.J.*
* I WON $903.00!—*H.D., S.C.*
* I WON $645.00 at BINGO!—*E.H., Va.*
* I received unexpected $300.00!—*M.A., Tex.*
* I WON $424.00!—*R.B., Ga.*
* I got $400.00!—*L.O., N.J.*
* I got a check for $500.00!—*R.H., Ga.*
* Now I can pay bills. WON $500.00!—*R.B., N.Y.*

ALL TRUE! ALL ON FILE! ALL RUBBED THE BUDDHA!

Now it's your turn! For the very first time, you can possess the long-renowned BUDDHA . . . acclaimed by many for its magic powers of mysteriously attracting GREAT wealth and unbelievable riches to *anyone* who gently rubs his belly!

But before I go on, let me ask you this:

How much money do you REALLY want?

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Don't be shy. Just name the amount, ANY amount. Then join me in a unique Research Experiment to find out if the BUDDHA legend is really true.

And listen to this: To make this offer so unbelievably attractive that you'll clip and mail the coupon *Right Now*, I'm going to gamble my own money on you, a perfect stranger.

That's right! You MUST agree that the legend is absolutely true — that The BUDDHA actually brings you money by rubbing his belly — or *I'll pay you* for your time and trouble GUARANTEED!

But first, let me assure you of this. I know exactly what I'm doing. I wouldn't *dare* make such an offer if I thought for one minute that I would lose! So for your own sake, simply mail the coupon to receive your very own BUDDHA and the Research Experiment Forms.

Do you want lots of money NOW? Then starting *immediately*, and continuing for as long as you rub The BUDDHA, you'll have this sensational opportunity to possibly rub away your financial problems forever. Imagine the excitement and thrill of turning your cash situation RIGHT AROUND merely by rubbing The BUDDHA's belly as part of the Experiment.

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- $$$ When you want to buy a new car, TV, boat, or whatever you wish, simply rub The BUDDHA!

LET ME KNOW EVERY TIME THE BUDDHA BRINGS MONEY!

Whenever The BUDDHA miraculously puts fistloads of cash right in your pocket . . . whenever you enjoy the glorious thrill of paying off a nagging bill collector . . . whenever you joyfully catch up on your monthly payments . . . just report the actual MONEY MIRACLE.

You have absolutely nothing in the world to lose. Not even a penny of your hard-earned money. Because from the very moment you receive The BUDDHA, you must receive a fantastic *moneyblessing*, or I'll pay you for your time and trouble. GUARANTEED!

And here is the best part of all! It doesn't matter who you are, where you live, how much you need! You MUST agree that the BUDDHA legend is true RIGHT AWAY, or I'll return your money PLUS pay you for participating in this unusual Research Experiment.

SEND FOR YOUR BUDDHA AT ONCE WITHOUT RISK!

Right now, this very second, mail the coupon for your very own BUDDHA. For total 100% confidentiality, your BUDDHA will be rushed back to you in a private unmarked package—in YOUR name *only*. No one will be allowed to use it, except you. Then merely take The BUDDHA into your right hand and gently rub his magic belly. It's that simple!

Medallion enlarged for detail.

DOUBLE MONEY-BACK! 100% GUARANTEED!

I can't imagine anyone passing up this unique chance to join the Research Experiment and use the legendary BUDDHA every single day. So the only thing holding you back is taking a risk. I'm going to eliminate that completely!

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KIDS IN AMERICA

(As recorded by Kim Wilde)

RICKY WILDE
MARTY WILDE

Looking out a dirty old window
Down below the cars in the city go rushing by
I sit here alone and I wonder why
Friday night and ev'ryone's moving
I can feel the heat but it's soothing heading down
I search for the beat in this dirty town
Downtown the young ones are going
Downtown the young ones are growing.

We're the kids in America
We're the kids in America
Ev'rybody lives for the music go round.

Bright lights the music gets faster
Look boy don't check on your watch not another glance
I'm not leaving now honey not a chance
Hot shot give me no problems
Much later baby you'll be saying never mind
You know life is cruel, life is never kind
Kind hearts don't make a new story
Kind hearts don't grab any glory.

We're the kids in America
We're the kids in America
Ev'rybody lives for the music go round
La la la la la la
La la la la la la
La la la la la la
La la la la la la.

Come closer honey that's better
Got to get a brand new experience feeling right
Oh don't try to stop baby hold me tight
Outside a new day is dawning
Outside suburbia's sprawling ev'rywhere
I don't want to go baby
New York to East California
There's a new wave coming
I warn you.
(Repeat chorus)

We're the kids
We're the kids
We're the kids in America.

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HEAT OF THE MOMENT

(As recorded by Asia)

JOHN WETTON
GEOFFREY DOWNES

I never meant to be so bad to you
One thing I said that I would never do
A look from you and I would fall from grace
And that would wipe the smile right from my face.

Do you remember when we used to dance
An incident arose from circumstance
One thing led to another we were young
And we would scream together songs unsung.

It was the heat of the moment
Tellin' you what our hearts meant
The heat of the moment
Shone in your eyes.

And now you find yourself in '82
The disco hot foot's hold the jump for you
You can't concern yourself with bigger things
You catch and pull and ride the dragon's wings.

'Cause it's the heat of the moment
The heat of the moment
The heat of the moment
Shone in your eyes.

And when your looks are gone and you're alone
How many nights you sit beside the phone
What were the things you wanted for yourself
Teenage ambitions you remember well.

It was the heat of the moment
Tellin' you what your heart meant
The heat of the moment
Shone in your eyes.

It was the heat of the moment
The heat of the moment
The heat of the moment
Shone in your eyes.

Heat of the moment
Heat of the moment
Heat of the moment.

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About the Author

Milton Lederman is a graduate of City University and New York University, with B.S. and M.S. degrees. Member of Alpha Delta Sigma and ETA MUPI Honorary Societies. As a Martial Arts Practitioner and teacher for over 37 years, he has taught thousands of Buddhist and Practical Philosophy of Jiu Jutsu- Judo- Tai Chichuan and Chinese Kung Fu. His own life is proof of Automatic Mind Control, honored by U.S. Presidential committees, YMCA man of the year. He has the rare ability of clarifying the most profound truths in a way which can be plainly understood by anyone.

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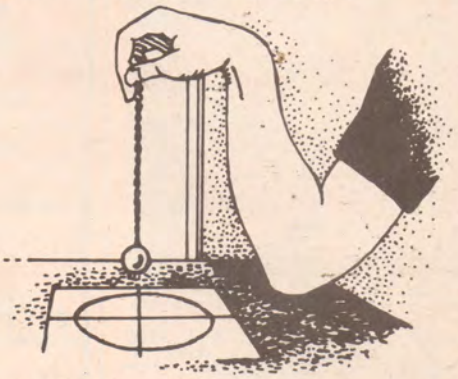

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Milton Lederman

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ANGEL IN BLUE

(As recorded by the J. Geils Band)

SETH JUSTMAN

We met in a bar
Out on Chesapeake Bay
With her white patent boots
And her blouse red lame
A table-top dancer
She would smile on cue
Oh those lips of an angel
Angel in blue.

She'd been dancin' for ages
Through cities of bars
She was kickin' the habit
Of scoring in cars
She'd been drained of her spirit
All caged up in this zoo
A wild cat angel
Angel in blue.

And as she stared out into nowhere
I thought yes I thought she might break down and cry
Oh when I whispered I thought I could love her
She just said "Baby don't even bother to try."

And I watched as she spoke
Her words chilled my bones
All her friends did her favors
That were really just loans
And she never had dreams
So they never came true
Oh the palest of angels
Angel in blue.

And the bees they had stung her
The birds they had flown
There were guys she could number
But none had she known
And she never had dreams
So they never came true
Oh my fade away angel
Angel in blue.

Angel in blue
Angel in blue
Angel in blue.

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HAPPY MAN

(As recorded by the Greg Kihn Band)

GREG KIHN
STEVE WRIGHT

I do not ask for much
Something real that I can touch
Someone there late at night
Someone there to hold me tight
You know I understand
Just what it takes
To be a happy man.

I'm gonna be a happy man
Just you and me
While we still can
There's nothin' left we can't do
Me and you
A happy man.

Some people need a lot
Others want what they haven't got
I need just what it takes
That's when the tension breaks
I'll be just what I am
Oh oh oh a happy man.

I'm gonna be a happy man
Just you and me
While we still can
There's nothin' left we can't do
Me and you
A happy man
A happy man.

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THIS MAN IS MINE

(As recorded by Heart)

ANN WILSON
SUE ENNIS
NANCY WILSON

Now everybody in this neighborhood
All you women better listen good
I know it's just a matter of time
Till one of you steps out of line
All I got is this to say
Simple message to relay
Get out of here and just keep away
'Cos this man is mine
This man is mine
This man, this man is mine.

I know the women 'round here recognize something good
Even try to take it if they could
So I'm using every little trick I know
Making sure that he won't go
I put up all my resistance
All you girls you better keep your distance
We don't need no more of your assistance.
This man is mine
This man is mine
This man, this man is mine.

He got passion burning in his eyes
Steaming up the night
Always makes me realize
What I done was right.
This man is mine
This man is mine
This man, this man is mine
(Gonna love him
Gonna teach him
Gonna tell him
Gonna reach him).

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How to make others secretly DO YOUR BIDDING with the astonishing power of AUTOMATIC MIND COMMAND!

Here's how to get started in just 3 minutes . . .

Dear Friend:

New power is about to leap into your life . . . an astonishing way to control the thoughts and actions of others without their knowing it . . . no matter how much they may *not* want to follow your instructions, they carry them out to a "T" every time!

With "Automatic Mind-Command" you'll be running the show. Make a wish, turn on The Power, and watch those around you drop everything and do what they're told.

And nobody will even have the faintest idea that you're behind it all. That's the beauty of "Automatic Mind-Command"—you are the only one who knows what's going on—*you* alone decide when things should start . . . stop . . . change around.

CONTROL YOUR FRIENDS OR STRANGERS!

You can use it to control your friends or strangers, one at a time or in large numbers, at any time, and ANY WAY YOU LIKE.

For example: You go into a bank for a loan. The credit man smiles but says "Sorry. You don't qualify for a loan right now: however, if there's anything else I can do for you, I'd be glad to . . ." Then in a flash, his tune changes when you let loose your "Automatic Mind-Command." He continues, "In fact, we'll be glad to give you $1,000 more than you asked for. And any time you want more, just see me personally! Thank you so much for coming by!"

Impossible? You'll be doing things like that every day without even thinking about it. As soon as you need something done, *it's done!* The people who do these things for you will remember what they did, but not *why!*

FUN POWER—TOO!

You can have a lot of fun with this power, too. Look how Evelyn C. used it at work . . . One day, while sorting papers, her boss angrily inquired why she had to make so much noise—and scolded her in front of everybody. Evelyn said nothing, but smiled to herself—for she had just turned on the "Automatic Mind-Command . . ." Suddenly the boss apologized for being a scoundrel. "Please . . . I'm sorry," he said, in front of everybody. "I'd like to make it up to you!" And he told her what a wonderful person she was! When Evelyn turned the power off, the boss just stood there with an open mouth, wondering what made him say all those things.

Think what this power can mean in your life. You need money . . . and it's there! You want some affection . . . you'll be smothered! You want peace and quiet . . . the world stands still!

NO MORE SECRETS WILL BE KEPT FROM YOU!

People who think they can hold back the facts will meet their master in you! You just fire a little "Automatic Mind-Command" at them, and they'll sing like meadowlarks . . . Nona J. was at her wits' end when she tried to find the money she'd put aside to pay the rent—it was gone. A frantic search through the house turned up nothing. There was only one possibility left . . . she asked Billy. A look of surprise crossed his face. No—he hadn't seen any money. But Nona didn't believe him, and started using "Automatic Mind-Command" to find out if he was telling the truth. Suddenly Billy reached into his pocket and took out a roll of money. After giving her the money, he acted as if nothing had happened!

Think how many secrets must be hidden all around you! Things your spouse won't tell . . . your neighbors won't say . . . your boss keeps quiet about . . . ALL BROUGHT INTO THE OPEN JUST FOR YOU!! They'll tell you all their secrets, but they won't know why.

Hold on now, because I haven't told you yet about the best part of "Automatic Mind-Command."

You may have to bolt your door to keep people from overwhelming you with love, gifts, favors, rewards! Perfect strangers will be walking up to you and asking, "How are you? Can I do anything for you?" They will never suspect that "Automatic Mind-Command" is impelling them to like you, please you . . . and automatically want to help you.

INSTANTLY YOUR LIFE IS CHANGED!

At first, I couldn't believe it. And yet I know this to be true from my own personal experience . . . time after time. For example . . .

A STRANGER HANDS HIM $500—Harry G., a low-paid factory worker, wanted to start a business of his own. All he needed was cash to get started, but no one would give him the money. Finally someone told him how to use "Automatic Mind-Command"—and Harry laughingly tried it. A short time later, a perfect stranger handed him $500—saying he'd heard about Harry's plan, and was eager to help him get started!

Unusual? Not at all . . . things happen every day with "Automatic Mind-Command."

RECEIVES NEEDED CASH QUICKLY!—Mrs. Thelma J. reports, "I needed money badly." Her husband hadn't worked in months, and their savings were running out. Then she discovered "Automatic Mind-Command"—and turned on the power immediately! The next morning she received a package containing several hundred dollars from friends and well-wishers she never knew existed!

In all history, few indeed are the ones who have recognized "Automatic Mind-Command." The rest, who do not use it, pay the penalty in suffering, wishing, hoping, dreaming . . . Now I say to you: Wish no more!

HOW TO GET STARTED IN JUST 3 MINUTES!

Minute #1—Fill out the No-Risk Coupon and mail it to us.

Minute #2—When you receive a package in the mail from us, open it.

Minute #3—Lift the front cover, and let the secret feed itself in to your mind automatically.

After that, sit back, relax—and see how this power can work for you. It's as simple as that! It won't cost you one penny unless it works!

IN THAT INSTANT, YOU WILL ALREADY BE ABLE TO USE "AUTOMATIC MIND-COMMAND" FOR THE FIRST TIME . . . for money, love, healing, protection, and much more!

Imagine the thrill—after a lifetime of "scrimping" and "penny-pinching"—to see a tidal wave of riches rolling into your life from every direction—pay raises, bonuses, gifts, legacies . . . a rising tide of good fortune!

MORE AMAZING CASE HISTORIES!

And it's all just *minutes* away!

Larry S. wanted to see his girlfriend—although he had no idea where she was—and no way of contacting her by letter or phone. From far away . . . he began using "Automatic Mind-Command!" In that instant, his girlfriend knew what she had to do. She dropped what she was doing, excused herself and hurried to visit him. Arriving in record time—she hugged and kissed him, explaining that "something" told her he wanted and needed her, and what could she do for him!

Now here's a most fantastic use of "Automatic Mind-Command"—one I'm sure you'll agree proves that here is a power which staggers the imagination!

For example, cases of health-symptoms relieved with "Automatic Mind-Command!" John C. reports that his hearing now seems normal again! Warren W.'s blurred eyesight cleared, sharpened, and now seems normal! Lydia E. says her arthritic symptoms of soreness and stiffness in the fingers were relieved when nothing else seemed to help, and Mrs. M. S. was surprised when her leg pain disappeared. Bella S., who complained of "ulcerative colitis" with stomach cramps and diarrhea, obtained fast relief . . . And others report relief from complaints of high blood pressure, heart symptoms, "migraine" headaches, weakness, dizziness, fatigue, and more.

It's simple, easy, and automatic to apply!

YOURS TO PROVE—AT OUR RISK!

So you see, life can be beautiful with "Automatic Mind-Command." To discover its amazing power let it put you on the road to a NEW LIFE . . . filled to the brim with riches, love, pleasure and all the wonderful luxuries of the world . . . and more! You owe it to yourself to try it! Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon—TODAY!

Sincerely yours,

Scott Reed

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Scott Reed is one of the nation's leading mind-power experts. Presently engaged as a writer on developments in the behavioral sciences, his revelations about the unseen world of the mind have been read by millions. A graduate of the City University of New York, his own life is living proof of "Automatic Mind-Command."

A Master Researcher, Metaphysician, and Psychic Advisor, he has helped countless men and women find true happiness. He has the rare ability of writing clearly and simply so that even the most profound Truths can be plainly understood by anyone.

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- Formula for a happy marriage
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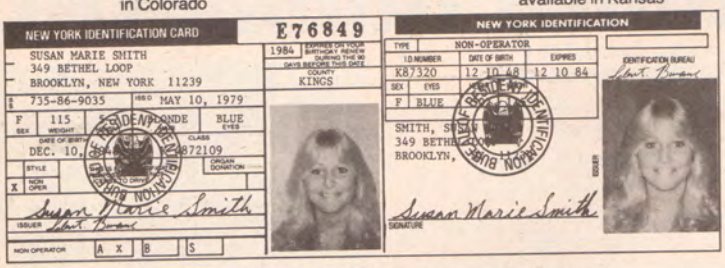

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JUDAS PRIEST

No Batteries Necessary

Metallic Night Creatures Mean Business.

by Toby Goldstein

Bob Leafe

Rob Halford: "I'll always write about the other side of love, which is pain."

He's not yet visible from behind the hotel room door, but Rob Halford's chains rattle loudly as he strides down the corridor. A moment later, the door bursts open and Halford, clanking like some chain-gang escapee, enters the room.

Now we know that normal people do not cover their bodies with hot black leather and half a hardware store on a warm summer afternoon, and even Halford admits to having a purpose in donning his stage gear. Together with a leather-bikinied **Penthouse** pinup, Halford had been posing for photos at the Parker-Meridien pool. In the process, the unsubtle singer gave tourists a thrill and caused at least one older woman to mutter "disgusting!" and paddle away for all she was worth.

Rob describes his poolside adventures with relish as he noisily strips down to a pair of non-designer blue jeans and sprawls out on a sofa, bottle of beer in hand. Both Halford and guitarist Glenn Tipton display enviable tans, certainly not the result of taking the sun at home in the grimy English midlands.

Tipton confesses that the band's been in Florida, mixing the latest Judas Priest album, **Screaming for Vengeance**. In between wailing over the songs' assorted agonies, everyone got a little color in their cheeks. In fact, Halford looked more like an overlarge rosy-faced schoolboy than a mad motorcyclist. There was little sign of the wild antics that spark the band's recordings and performances. I have been invited to have a quiet afternoon of chat before the guys hop on a night plane headed for home.

You may find the prospect of holding rational conversation with Judas Priest's fiery lead singer and lead guitarist disappointingly normal. I am relieved. Co-lead

guitarist K.K. Downing has already gone home, and therefore will not have a second chance to turn me into journalistic ground beef. Halford laughs himself into fits as he's reminded of my first encounter with Downing — if I'd been a guy that interview would have ended with a beer brawl. It's soon obvious that with K.K. casting himself as the rabble rouser, the rest of the group can win friends and influence reporters by acting like human beings. They do a good job of it, too.

Steve Joester/Starfile

Judas Priest, from left: Rob Halford, David Holland, K.K. Downing, Ian Hill, Glenn Tipton.

As they celebrate their 10th anniversary, Judas Priest have become elder statesmen to the heavy metal battalions. They've never compromised their aggressive stance, and by so doing, inspired legions of young Brits to follow in their black-booted footsteps. That they are playing New York's Madison Square Garden for the first time ever on the current tour is just one indication of Priest's view of themselves as inspirational models. Because they've been ridiculed in the press so frequently (when they're not being ignored), they take each step carefully; there's no room for a hasty miscalculation.

"We've never pushed it too fast," states Halford, in his almost cuddly (sorry, Rob) Northern accent. "We've always taken it slow and easy because we felt that's the professional way of doing things. That way you keep things in perspective, especially the music. The whole operation has been one of methodical planning and that pays off in the long term. We never wanted to crash and burn out."

This attitude has carried Judas Priest from clubs and small halls to their current state of selling out stadiums throughout the U.S. and Europe. They are one of the only bands who can still fill tens of thousands of seats in every region of this country, despite the recession, and intend to play over eighty American dates on a tour which will extend to Christmas time. "I'm not saying this one is make or break for us," Halford declares, "but we do feel very close to going to the moon and back. We feel the dam's gonna burst on this tour."

Without a doubt, the album on which Judas Priest's 1982 tour is based is a strong one. **Screaming for Vengeance** is serious stuff, featuring some of the most agonized screams and tortured lyrics to come along since the Inquisition. Tunes like *Pain and Pleasure, Screaming For Vengeance* and *Fever* aren't meant for casual airing or easy bopping in the manner of *Breaking the Law* and *Living After Midnight.* Judas Priest has issued a times. Listening to Rob Halford wrench out the lyrics as if he's ripping apart his guts, it's hard to believe that there wasn't an audience in the studio urging him on.

"I know," he agrees, somewhat amazed at how convincingly the record strikes the ear. "That's where the whole studio technique comes into being. When you're working in a cold studio with a microphone and trying to put all of your feelings and all your emotions down on tape without an audience, you do have to condition yourself; to a certain extent, it's down to your professional attitude."

Adds Glenn: "We're not a band that needs a particular environment to work off of. We can record anywhere. We don't need fog or rain or gloomy cities to record our feelings."

Says Rob: "It's also, to an extent, the efforts of our producer, Tom Allum. He knows what we're trying to achieve and if he feels we're not doing it, he'll push us farther. In one respect, it's easier these days because we've worked in the studio for nine albums. But it's also harder, because you want to improve upon your last appearance on vinyl. So the pressure is probably greater now than it has been in the past.

"I felt very angry with some of this album. I mean, angry *doing* the songs — I don't know exactly how to say it, because put into words it would sound very tacky and schmaltzy and Dylan-esque. But my belief in my lyrics is stronger than it's ever been. I feel very bitter about some of the songs I've done on this album, and I had to be very careful that the whole thing didn't turn out to be ultra-morbid — pass the razor blades and downs, let's sit in the bath and bleed to death — that stuff."

As Tipton discreetly points out, Judas Priest's image doesn't exactly lend itself to singing about rose petals, and Halford maintains that he's not one to pass the day writing epics of peace and contentment. Terribly curious to unearth what sort of abysmal personal exchanges could have prompted the band to write such vindictive tales as *Devil's Child*, I cautiously ask Glenn and Rob if their own lives are really filled with unending misery.

Says Glenn: "I think there's

obviously two sorts of relationships, and usually they end up the same. It starts off real good and hopefully it keeps that way, but then there are the pain and pleasure relationships that are full of agony. There's a lot of people in the world who go through torment in that direction. Our songs have always been a tug of war between the nice passages and the powerful, heavy passages. Everybody's been there, and if they haven't yet, they will."

Rob, too, is pulled strongly towards re-interpreting the less lovely moments of life: "I'll always write about the other side of love, which is pain."

Anyone who's at all willing to move past the power chords, the volume and the somewhat over-the-top macho overkill can easily find several reasons to explain why Judas Priest has risen to the head of the heavy metal class. For one thing, their albums and shows have clarity — the band wants their audiences to know exactly what the shouting's all about. For another, Judas Priest has largely abandoned the gothic horror comic format that many of the newer British HM bands use as a writing foundation. On **Screaming for Vengeance**, Halford has vented his fury on such down to earth topics as spy probes and the current desperate situation in the U.K.

"Though Priest has never preached politics," says Halford, "there's always some relationship you draw to it, especially in lyrical content. On the new album we have songs like *Electric Eye*, which is about the way space satellites are developing and how there is no privacy in your life. You've got Big Brother in the sky looking down at you 24 hours a day. We took that into an almost personal situation where Big Brother's practically in the bedroom with you.

"Pass the razor blades and downs, let's sit in the bath and bleed to death."

"There are other songs, like *Bloodstone*, which has close similarities to the way I feel about conditions in the world — that we should let people carry on in their own way. Just be aware of the oppression that can lie around the corner. That's typified in the song *Screaming for Vengeance*, which is on the same theme as *Tyrant*, but carries it one step further."

Tipton cites Judas Priest's high regard for sound quality to shatter what he deems one of several misconceptions applied to heavy metal. "We always take care in our songs. They're not just meaningless riffs. If you've got a good song, you've got something worth going onstage for.

"We take a lot of pride in the production of our albums and our stage sound," adds Glenn, who personally gets involved in the technical side of Judas Priest. "It's not going to be just volume coming across. There must be an unwritten rule that if you put any melody into a song, you're taking power away. But we've always disagreed with that. To the best of our abilities, we write heavy metal songs, yet we've got something to say in our melodies. That's what distinguishes us and gives us a lot of character, which is very important."

Judas Priest plot their tours with the same meticulous attention they give to explaining the band's philosophy. At times they admit to using too many or too few special effects, but both Tipton and Halford look forward to working on their latest stage set, described as a marvel of vertically operated platforms. Says Glenn, "We're very frantic onstage and move around a lot, so instead of moving in straight lines, we'll be going up and down." And Rob Halford will make a suitable entrance on his revving motorbike, though, he alludes mysteriously, it won't be at the beginning or end of the show, and it will materialize out of thin air. That is, he says prayerfully, if all the elaborate plans actually work.

Whether it's to be with or without the assistance of the press and radio, Judas Priest correctly sense that they can push their potential audience figures even higher. They're bold, they're interesting and fun to watch. They're relatively non-self-indulgent in the HM field, and all they want to do is provide an entertaining way for their audiences to vent off steam.

"The very name Judas Priest has conjured up a lot of things in people's minds," claims Tipton. "We used to be questioned a lot as to whether we influenced kids to act up. Well, we influence our audiences, but only musically. We got attacked viciously in England because of a song called *The Ripper*. There was a guy they called the 'Yorkshire Ripper,' and people accused us of cashing in — and we'd written that song three or four years earlier!

"There's people ready to jump on you in every aspect of life, not just music," he adds. "They just need some little excuse. But our name or lyrics or song titles aren't gonna influence kids. If a kid is bad, he'll do what he wants anyway, but the majority of kids I see aren't bad, they're good."

And he concludes so emphatically that it would take a fool or a bigot to disagree.□

Glenn Tipton: "The very name Judas Priest has conjured up a lot of things in people's minds."

DEF LEPPARD

HIGHER & HIGHER

Linda Matlow

Joe Elliott: "Angus told me that we remind him of AC/DC a few years back."

Electric Guitarmen Going For All The Marbles.

by Andy Secher

Joe Elliott sat quietly in the corner of Def Leppard's closet-sized dressing room trying his hardest to down a gallon-sized jug of Budweiser. The group had just finished their show at New York's Palladium Theater, and while the normally jaded Big Apple crowd had rewarded Leppard with a standing ovation, Elliott couldn't hide his disappointment over the evening's performance.

"We sounded like shit," he said with only the slightest hint of a smile. "We'll be lucky if they ever ask us back."

Just as the tall, stocky vocalist gulped down the last drop of brew, the dressing room door swung open and in walked AC/DC's Angus Young. The diminutive guitar demon casually popped open a can of suds, walked up to Elliott, and whispered something into his ear. In a matter of seconds Joe's attitude changed from sullen to joyous, as if some secret seal of approval had been stamped on the band's show.

Hours later, long after Young had departed and the band had escaped from their cramped dressing facilities, Elliott revealed what the magic words had been. "Angus told me that we remind him of AC/DC a few years back," Joe said with a grin that practically split his boyishly handsome face in half. "He said that if we keep working as hard as we are now, there'll be no stopping us. You know," he added almost shyly, "I think he's right."

As Elliott disappeared into the New York night in search of "a friendly little pub," he seemed to radiate with the belief that there may, indeed, be no way to stop Leppard's charge to the top of the hard rock hierarchy. In the three years since the release of their debut album, **On Through The Night**, Elliott and band mates Rick Allen (drums), Rick Savage (bass) and Steve Clark and Pete Willis (guitars), have risen out of the London club circuit to become one of the hottest new heavy metal bands around. By employing a musical arsenal that features both sonic guitar thunder and melodic pop interludes, Leppard has proved, according to Elliott, "that we're more than just a bunch of bleedin' headbangers.

"We've tended to be lumped with every new hard rock band that's come along during the last few years," Joe explained. "That's not necessarily a compliment. Most of those acts couldn't carry our guitar straps. A lot of those groups look at rock and roll as a job; we look at it as fun. There's nothing in the world like playing in a band like ours," he added as he took another swig from a glass of his favorite brew.

"It's a great release for our energy, and it's also a great way to pick up girls. If you can't enjoy playing rock and roll you should be declared legally dead," Joe joked. "We've never been into that gloomy scene that Sabbath made famous. We prefer a more upbeat philosophy than the 'we're all gonna die' stuff that a lot of new bands seem to get off on. We've really tried to stress that upbeat quality on the new album."

On their latest release, **Pyromania**, the band has used their maturing songwriting and instrumental skills to prove that a hard

rock group can still be "heavy" while avoiding what Ozzy Osbourne once called, "the death, doom and destruction trilogy." New numbers such as *Rock 'til You Drop* and *Rock of Ages* reflect the band's belief that "rock and roll is supposed to be fun."

"We prefer a more upbeat philosophy than the 'we're gonna die' stuff that a lot of new bands seem to get off on."

"On the new album we have a lot of material that everybody should be able to relate to and enjoy," Elliott stated. "I mean a song called *Rock 'til You Drop* is pretty self-explanatory. When we recorded this album we tried to get ourselves as drunk as possible, then we turned the amps up as high as they'd go and let loose. That's not to say that we decided to only go full speed ahead; in fact, this is the most melodic album we've ever done. But we realized that the heart of our music is still high energy rock and roll, and that's the way we always want it to be. I don't think anyone can listen to **Pyromania** and not think it's one hot album."

While many rock fans may assume that Def Leppard's rapid trip up the rock ladder has been a smooth and carefree journey, the band's recent history has actually been marred by a number of unforseen difficulties. Following the release of **On Through the Night** in 1980, the group embarked on a hectic international tour that kept them on the road for much of the next year. When they finally returned to the studio for their second album **High 'n' Dry**, they discovered that their producer, "Mutt" Lange, was already involved with two other projects — AC/DC's **Back in Black** and Foreigner's **4**. As Elliott explained, "We just didn't know how to handle either the situation with 'Mutt' or, quite honestly, our own success.

"The results on **High 'n' Dry** were something of a mess," Joe explained. "It wasn't really a bad album, but it didn't capitalize on the strengths we had shown on the first record. That's why I consider **Pyromania** to be our 'real' second album. We've learned what our strengths are, and we've used them to our best advantage. On the last album, we actually had too much time to think about what we were going to do in the studio, and because of that we lost a lot of our spontaneity. We had finished touring and had almost all of the songs written, but with 'Mutt's' time divided up between a number of projects we just sat around and kept re-writing all the material.

"On **Pyromania** 'Mutt' was able to give us his undivided attention," Joe continued. "We did a lot of the songs live in the studio, and we kept the overdubs to a bare minimum. What you hear on the record is exactly what we played. This album really shows what we're capable of doing. It's a very solid rock and roll album, but we've been able to incorporate a lot of melody into each song. I'm not saying it sounds like REO Speedwagon," he added with a look of disgust on his face, "but we feel that a little melody isn't going to hurt anybody."

On **Pyromania** Def Leppard has used their melodic sensibility to highlight the power of their metal attack. Yet the album's most intriguing number is their dirge-like 'mini-epic,' *Die Hard The Hunter*. Based on a story similar to that of the Academy Award-winning movie, **The Deer Hunter** (which Elliott swears he's never seen), the song tells the tale of a soldier of fortune who can't adapt to civilization once the violence and mayhem of war has stopped.

When asked if the song was based on the experiences of anyone in the band, Elliott chuckled and said, "Thank goodness none of us has ever been in a war. Maybe the Queen should have sent us to the Falklands a few months back. We could have blasted the Argentines into submission with our guitars.

"Actually, the subject matter of *Die Hard The Hunter* is very serious," he added. "While I've been told it has a number of similarities to **The Deer Hunter**, it's in no way a take-off on that picture. The story of a soldier returning from the war, yet still living the battle, was a great subject to write about, and I think we've done some of our best playing on it. It was one of the few numbers where we actually stayed sober during the recording."

Being sober isn't a favorite state for any of the Leppard members. While Elliott insisted that "sometimes our main goal is just to see how many brain cells we can kill in an evening," he also said that, "nobody in this band is an alcoholic.

"Drinking plays a very major role in this band," he said. "It's the only activity, aside from our love of rock and roll, that we all have in common. We're all into different things, but when it comes to lifting a few pints down at the pub, that's one thing we all share. Sometimes a little shot gives you the courage needed to go on stage," he added with a grin. "There are those nights every once in a while when you just don't feel like going out there, and you need all the help you can get.

"We talk about that subject on the new album with a song called *Stage Fright*," he continued. "It's one of my favorite tracks. It just lets everybody know that there's more to rock and roll than just booze and birds — there's a serious side as well. In this band, we just try to get those serious things out of the way as quickly as possible so we can just get on with having a grand ol' time."□

Starfile

Def Leppard: Pete Willis, Rick Savage, Joe Elliott, Steve Clark, Rick Allen.

Caught IN THE Act

RICK SPRINGFIELD

POINT
by Estelle Curtin

Don, baby, I know you think you've got something to say. But you see, sugar, just because you've got ears, doesn't mean you know anything about music. And you sure don't have any info on what makes a hot man, even though you've got that equipment, too. Let me set you straight on a couple of things. Rick Springfield is a star, honey, and rightfully so. If you can't see that, then let me state unequivocally that you, Don, are a flea brain. A doo-doo head. Not-too-bright. Stupe City.

Bopping down I-95 in my '64 Corvair while Springfield laces into his old lady for playing him for a sucker is my idea of a mighty wicked time: I've done everything for you, you've done nothing for me — yeah, get her out, Rick. His tunes have that old rock and roll groove, and the hooks just keep on popping. Get it, Don? Hooks/Pop? Twerp! What are you into — that power chord mess and collecting beer can flip-tops, right?

By the way, if you had been paying attention at Carnegie Hall instead of trying to tie your shoelaces — and a pathetic sight that was, let me tell you — you would have noticed that the audience was full of enthusiastic young ladies, also known as lusting adolescent chicks. And each one had particular plans for Rick, you know what I mean? Tell me, how many girls even know your name, let alone scream it at the top of their nubile lungs? That Springfield is what you call a hunk. And hunks make out. And you, dippy Don, obviously don't!

Laurie Paladino

Is Rick Springfield a two-bit soap star who gets his jollies by dressing like a pantywaist fruit?

COUNTERPOINT
by Don Mueller

Estelle, you ignorant slut.

Let's face facts. The only reason you've got the hots for this TV has-been is because you're a horny little hussy who hasn't been getting her carburetor lubed often enough — comprende english senorita?

To anyone with more brains than a compost heap, it should be apparent that this guy Springfield is just a two-bit soap star who gets his jollies by dressing like a pantywaist fruit (never trust a man who wears chartreuse socks) and prancing around the stage like a "serious" rock and roller. Now Ess, we all know you've been tone deaf since you had your tubes tied last summer, but even you must be able to tell that this quack's got about as much rock savvy as Liberace.

All he's done is rip off a bunch of old Beatle riffs, strip them of all their charm, and emerged with a sound designed to make pre-pubescent teeny-bops wet their shorts. I'll admit that I've heard worse tunes than *Jessie's Girl* (remember that hot weekend we spent in Vegas checking out Wayne Newton?), but underneath all of Springfield's pouty-lipped theatrics is just enough substance to make **Leave It To Beaver** reruns seem socially relevant.

As far as I'm concerned, the next time he shows up on **General Hospital** they ought to give him a frontal lobotomy. Give me the Nuge, Angus, or Blackmore any day — they are real men!□

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